

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθείαν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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## Au Courant.

THE Crystal Palace Saturday concerts have entered upon the forty-first year of their existence. Instead of the customary series of twenty concerts—ten before and ten after Christmas—it has been deemed advisable to announce only twelve, which will all take place before the end of the year. The series to be given in the spring will be quite a separate one, and its length will depend upon the amount of patronage bestowed by the public on that now running. This plan has much to recommend it, and it is understood that there is already a decided increase in the number of subscribers. On the other hand, it is to be regretted that the orchestra has this year been reduced, a step due, it is said, to the new manager of the Palace. With such strong opposition in orchestral concerts as there is just now, it seems a pity to interfere with the numbers of the Manns band.

EUGEN D'ALBERT, who has been with us again after having cleared himself of the charge of being a renegade, is said to have finished a new opera, which will probably be produced in the early part of next year at Dresden. It seems that he has agreed to give his services gratuitously to the London Philharmonic Society for one of their concerts in the spring. According to the high-flown language of his agent, the generous act is to be regarded "as a tribute of veneration to and for the benefit of this old and important institution, which treated him so generously on the occasion of his last visit, engaging him for two of their concerts in succession." D'Albert, we learn on the same authority, is one of the latest converts to bicycling, and—*mirabile dictu*?—his machine is of English make!

MR. T. A. WALLWORTH, to whom a reference is made in the notices of our contemporaries, has just published a lecture which he delivered at the Guildhall School of Music, where he has long been a professor, on "Wagner's Music: its Influence on Vocal Art." Mr. Wallworth expresses no opinion on Wagner as a composer; he discusses merely the question of his music from the vocalist's point of view. What he finds is that it is defective in the natural inflection of melody; disastrous in its effect upon the throat tissue. Mr. Wallworth, however, is evidently of the antiquated school. The old singer, he says, was born; the new one is made. The tone-production of Mario, which Reeves and Santley adopted, how fine it was, and how it preserved the voice! Lablache, too, possessed power, beauty of tone, and all the elements that go to make up good

voice in surpassing measure. The difference between the old and the modern voice is almost the difference between music and noise. Is there any subject upon which more foolish, more diverse nonsense is uttered than the subject of voice and singing?

THE musician who, on being asked the nature of his last composition, said it was with his creditors, was not in it with Karl Goldmark, the Hungarian composer. Passing through Salzburg during a recent Mozart Festival with his friend Hellmesberger, he allowed his companion to inscribe their names in a hotel register, with the addition "and suite" after his own name. It was in vain that the landlord and staff looked for Goldmark's "suite," the supposed retinue being neither more nor less than an orchestral suite of the master, still in manuscript, and such a favourite of his that he always carries it with him on his travels!

VIENNA has an unenviable notoriety in musical history for having allowed Mozart to die of brain fever and Schubert of typhoid without recognising them as immortals or giving them the means of living comfortably. Mr. Henry T. Finck, an American critic, thinks that history is repeating itself in the case of Anton Bruckner, whom Wagner put before Brahms, and Humperdinck declares to be as much entitled to the claim of originality as Schumann or Mendelssohn.

THE only article on Bruckner in the English language is probably in Mr. Fuller-Maitland's "Masters of German Music." From this it appears that when Bruckner received his first appointment as a teacher in 1841, his salary was only half a crown a month. Of course he could not live on that, and had to help himself along by fiddling at balls, for which he received a few pence a night. Mr. Fuller-Maitland relates that when he appeared in London as organist one day at the Crystal Palace he was "so carried away by the course of his ideas in improvisation that the exhausted blowers could not maintain the supply of wind, and the piece came to an abrupt end." The same writer also tells us how Dr. Hanslick at first praised Bruckner, but then changed his attitude after the latter came out as a Wagnerite. In this connection there was a good story told in the Vienna papers on the occasion of Bruckner's seventieth birthday. The Austrian Emperor offered his congratulations, and asked if he could do him a favour. "Please

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"your Majesty," replied the composer, "ask Dr. Hanslick not to write so severely about my compositions."

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M. LASSALLE, the eminent operatic baritone, has got tired of making cement, and is about to resume his musical career. Indeed, he has just signed a contract with Mr. Maurice Grau to go to the United States for a three months' season with the company of which the De Reszkes, Madame Calvé, and Madame Melba are members. On his return he will take part in the revival of the *Flying Dutchman* in Paris, and in all probability he will next summer resume his old position as leading baritone at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

\* \* \*

THE salaries demanded or obtained by our leading vocalists continue to make an interesting theme for discussion. It is now stated that Melba has asked a fee of £240 per night for next season at Covent Garden. The question is also receiving much attention in New York, where it is said Melba receives £300, Jean de Reszke £240 (plus a proportion of the receipts over a certain sum), and Nordica £200 a night. These figures contrast curiously with those recently given in the Parisian journals—it is said from official sources—of the amounts paid at the Grand Opera. According to this authority Jean de Reszke received—it must have been before 1887—£260 a month, his brother Edouard £200 monthly, and M. Lassalle £440 a month, the last being the maximum allowed by the Government. M. Plançon had £960 a year, and at the Opera Comique M. Maurel received £340 a month. British and American managers would assuredly like to secure the services of these great artists at such moderate rates. By-and-by the singers will probably find that they have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. A few more failures like that of Messrs. Abbey and Grau in the United States, and the thing will be done. Milton has spoken somewhere about time running back to fetch the age of gold. He does not seem to have had the prophetic eye.

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MR. DANNREUTHER'S second volume on "Musical Ornamentation" is as exhaustive and indispensable as its predecessor. It might be thought that two volumes are more than enough for so small a subject, but owing to the carelessness of previous writers, the system, so to speak, of musical shorthand has changed from time to time. Three or four different ways of playing well-known shakes in the first movement of Beethoven's Trio in B flat have been heard at the Popular Concerts, and a fine performance of Bach's Passion music at Birmingham was marred a few years ago by a difference of interpretation as to the grace notes. Mr. Dannreuther illustrates the confusion as to terminology by mentioning a curious quarrel which recently arose in Germany as to how the "turn" in the Prayer in *Rienzi* should be played. Throughout the quarrel the combatants misnamed the "turn" "mordent"; and even after the quarrel the combatants still differ. From all this it is quite evident that there is plenty of room for Mr. Dannreuther's volumes.

\* \* \*

THOSE purists who declare that we should, in rendering their works, go back to the original instrumentation of Handel and Bach, will find heartening in the accounts given of recent performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze* at the Residenz-Theater of Munich. A reproduction of the conditions of performance in Mozart's day has been carried out

with regard to these works as thoroughly as it has been found possible to do it. Thus the orchestra contains in the string department only four first violins and four second, the rest to match, making altogether only twenty-four in the band. The recitatives are accompanied by the cembalo or clavecin, and the chorus in the ball scene, "Viva la liberta," is sung by seven persons. It might be thought that, performed in this way, Mozart's works would sound weak and thin; but the adaptation of the means to the end is found to be so perfect that every performance has a crowded house, and is received with enthusiasm. The experiment, as an experiment, might be tried in London, where there are probably enough faddists to make it pay.

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THE worthy people of Halifax have been losing their heads over a "curious musical instrument," recently found in a well at Elland. From the description given in a local paper, the "find" is evidently nothing more wonderful than an old "serpent"—the object of a time-honoured Handelian joke. This weird instrument was at one time very common in English church orchestras, and there was one in the band of the Life Guards until about thirty years ago. On the whole, perhaps it is just as well that it has passed into oblivion; for even as the Scriptures call the devil the "old serpent," so, by reason of its tone, might the musical serpent be called the devil among musical instruments. Berlioz says that when unskillfully played it is better suited for the sanguinary rites of Druidical worship than for a Christian service!

\* \* \*

THE original score of Handel's *Firework Music* contained a part for the serpent, which was afterwards expunged. This is the only time that the instrument appears in the works of the master. Though it is said to have been invented in France as early as 1590, it is clear that Handel did not become acquainted with it until long after his settlement in England. The story above referred to is to the effect that when he first heard it he asked, "What the devil be that?" "It is a new instrument called the serpent," said his interlocutor. "Oh! the serpent," he replied; "ay! ay! but not the serpent that seduced Eve." At that time the instrument, though much used in France, was quite unknown in England, and scarcely less so in Germany.

\* \* \*

FROM Leipzig comes an announcement that the long-established Gewandhaus concerts are threatened with a rival. Herr Musik-director Winderstein, who formerly conducted a large orchestra at Nuremberg, and more recently won laurels as conductor of the Kaim Concerts at Munich, is the founder of the new orchestra. We are told that it is to be composed of many excellent artists, so that both the military band and all other orchestras which have hitherto played the music at entertainments are to be surpassed by it artistically. The Liszt Verein is already pledged to engage the Winderstein orchestra for all its concerts, and it was also engaged by Professor Kretschmar for the recent performance of Handel's *Deborah*, restored to its original form by Dr. Chrysander. It is decided that Herr Winderstein will give a certain number of important works, with the co-operation of well-known soloists. The concerts are to be on Sunday evenings, at the Albert Hall, and are to be in the style of better-class popular concerts at a moderate price. Of course such an undertaking can never become a serious rival to the Gewandhaus concerts, but





it is likely enough that the public rehearsals will not be so well attended as hitherto.

THE opinion seems to be gaining ground that the conductor, unlike the poet, need not be born, but can be made. Last month we were drawing attention to Herr Weingärtner's book on the subject of conducting; now we have before us a similar volume by Professor Carl Schroeder. It is only fair to the Professor to say that he desiderates a "natural aptitude" for conducting on the part of any one who aspires to wield the magic wand. A "certain knack" is required even for the mechanical process of beating time; while a correct appreciation of the time itself can only proceed from musical instinct. Moreover, the conductor must "possess a broad comprehensive glance, a mental superiority and repose, with the gift

of bringing the ideas of a composer within the comprehension of the listener through the medium of the performer and himself." Professor Schroeder proves in the hundred pages of his work that he is exceptionally intimate with the details of conducting; and those who are interested in the subject should certainly possess themselves of the book, which, we may add, is published by Augener.

It seems that Professor Max Müller was destined to become a musician till he went to the university, and Mendelssohn advised him to keep to Latin and Greek. He mentions in his recollections in *Cosmopolis* that he was born and brought up in Dessau, a small German town in an oasis of oak trees, where the Elbe and the Mulde meet, a town then overflowing with music.

## At the Viennese "Tonkünstler-Verein."

### A GESELLIGER ABEND.

HAVING in my last sketch—"An Evening at the Viennese Tonkünstler-Verein"—attempted to give the readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC a description of a Musical Evening at the Society, I now will endeavour to picture one of the "Social Evenings" of the same Verein. The intimations—sent to members on post-cards read:—

#### WIENER TONKÜNSTLER-VEREIN.

Mittwoch, den . . . 1895.

GESELLIGER-ABEND.

(Musik nicht Ausgeschlossen.)

Anfang 9 Uhr.

The place of meeting is the same as for the *Musik-Abende*. Having described it in my last article, I need not now again do so. Entering the room, it is seen at the first glance that the appearance of the place is very considerably changed from that of the *Musik-Abende*. The rows of chairs—which gave quite an orthodox concert-room appearance—are no longer in evidence, but are replaced by some two or three long tables with chairs placed round them—more like the view of the room as we represented it *after the concert*. Although the attendance of members on the "*Gesellige-Abende*" is considerably smaller than on the *Musik-Abende*, what we lose in numbers is gained in sociability. As may be readily supposed, many of the older members who are charmed out of their retreats to hear music cannot be induced to turn out for anything else—such is the power of music.

"And music too, dear music that can touch  
Above all else the heart that loves it much."

The first thing which would strike a stranger on entering the room would be the perfect unity of the company—absolutely no affectation—the bond of "Art" drawing that company together like the members of one family; and this although the members assembled represent the two extremes of the profession. If we go early to the Verein, we will find few of the members before us, but these few have endeavoured to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and we would in

all probability find each amply provided with refreshments and many puffing vigorously at their cigars. Then the members drop in one or two together, each being welcomed more or less according to their popularity. Some of course exercise a kind of magnetic influence on all the others; as, for instance, when OUR GRAND OLD MAN, JOHANNES BRAHMS (who by the way never fails to turn up) appears on the scene, we feel our evening has fairly commenced. Being, as I think I have mentioned, president of our Verein, his place is of course at the head of the table, and right nobly does he fill that place. The bulky personality and his leonine head make a grand centre around which, so to speak, the various small stars and satellites group themselves.

The arrival of Brahms seems to bring a warmth of feeling and geniality into our midst, and this great musician, who modestly fights shy of all public demonstration,\* comes amongst us, joining our amusements, and shows himself ever ready to participate in any scheme suggested with a view to add to the enjoyments of our members and for the welfare of the Verein. Quite apart from his rank as a composer, his genial manner and warm-heartedness have made him beloved of all who come in contact with him.

I may state here that the *Gesellige Abende* are not for the gentlemen members only, but are very popular with the ladies. Of course that does not prevent the "Lords of Creation" from fully enjoying their cigar and their beer and wine, the social ideas being so very different there from ours in England. Now, it may be asked, how do we fill in our time? Do we sit and smoke and drink all the evening? Yes and no. In such a company, as may naturally be expected, many and various are the topics of conversation. Sometimes, subdivided into little groups, various subjects are discussed at one time; more often, however, one of the members starts a theme which proves of interest; and as some are invariably certain to hold different views, variations are soon made to the given theme. The

\* When Brahms heard that the Society of *Musik Freunde* in Vienna had struck a medallion, and were organizing *fêtes* in his honour, he very quietly retired to Italy till all was over, then returned to his old haunts.

manifold subjects discussed might surprise a stranger, for music is by far not the only idea on which cultured musicians can think or speak. Musical discussions are, however, common enough. On one occasion I remember a great argument, which arose through Herr Conrat (one of the music-historical members) having said that the "song" form was used in England earlier than in Germany. Brahms very promptly disputed this assertion, pooh-poohing the idea. Conrat, as might be expected from a historian, quoted from various authorities, then one or two other members threw in remarks, quotations, and arguments, for one or other of the chief disputants. As it was impossible to get far without having works of reference at hand, the two principals, Brahms and Conrat, agreed to resume the subject on a future occasion, when they had various historical references at hand.

I have no doubt they fought over this bone of contention with a bottle of wine, but what the result was I never heard.

As the reader will have observed, the intimation read "*Musik nicht Ausgeschlossen*" (music not debarred). This means that although no programme is made out, nor is it necessary to have music—that, should any one feel like giving us some, there will be no objection—and there is of course a good piano in the room. Let us suppose, then, that some one plays or sings, all become at once willing listeners, and the performer is sure of due appreciation for his efforts.

Once or twice our president has given us some music—who can say prompted by what? May it not be that the same genius which prompted the colossal Beethoven to play, often unconsciously, or to sing and shout whilst walking in Döbling, prompts Brahms, on whom Beethoven's mantle seems to have fallen.

"*I sing because I love to sing*," seems the explanation of these impromptu performances. Certain it is that those who have been privileged to hear Brahms perform on these or similar occasions will never forget it. Repeatedly I have heard him play in a concert room; there he is an artist, but on these occasions he is more. I shall now refer to the good nature of our *maestro*, and give one or two anecdotes of incidents which occurred in my time at the Verein.

A young English lady, who was concertizing in Vienna, having a letter to Brahms, called on him one forenoon, and after hearing her play, and so on, he produced *cognac and cigarettes*, greatly to the horror of our young artiste, who, as she told me afterwards, thought it *just horrid* to offer her cognac; but although she did not accept the former, she carried off a cigarette as a souvenir of Brahms. One example of his kindness comes to my mind. When at Alice Barbi's farewell concert (previous to her marriage), the master, to mark his appreciation of that great vocalist, went up and accompanied throughout the evening. Truly a most graceful act. I remember when Miss E—— S—— was giving pianoforte recitals in Vienna she came to our Verein as a guest; she sat a few seats from the top of the table, talking to Professor Fischhof, and explaining to him how much she would like to "chink" glasses with Brahms,\* and would he ask Brahms if she might do so, and so on. Fischhof said, no doubt, he would be very pleased, and he would ask, etc. When our conspirators had got thus far with their plans, Brahms, who had been apparently deeply engrossed in a conversation with his

neighbour, suddenly looked down the table, holding up his glass, and saying, "Prosit, Miss S——." Our young lady, blushing at her plot being discovered, promptly replied to this invitation; then our president opened his batteries on Fischhof, bantering him most unmercifully, saying, of course, he knew he was not a fascinating young man like Fischhof, nor could he in any way be compared, but that a man with so many good points might have been more generous to an old man, and not carry off ALL the young ladies. Then he made room for Miss S—— beside him. "Of course, if Fischhof will permit." Our young countrywoman has Brahms' autograph on her fan, as a souvenir of that pleasant evening.

Another evening I remember well sitting next to our president. I handed him a light for his cigar. Taking it, he said, "Since you are so kind, perhaps you will do something else for me." Of course I said I would do so willingly. No sooner said than done. Taking up a teaspoon, he placed a piece of sugar in it, and pouring a little cream over the sugar, said, "Now, perhaps, you will take that to Miss A——."\* I carried it round as it was, and when the young lady prepared to take the spoon from me, Brahms called, "No, no. You must not give up the spoon"; so I had literally to "feed" this young lady, Brahms sitting watching, evidently enjoying it. When I returned to my seat, the *maestro* said, "Now, Miss B——, I fancy you want the same"—and to me, after preparing the same "bon-bouche," "Will you take this to Miss B——?" This done, our President remarked to me, "The ladies look as if they all wanted to be fed with sugar, so perhaps you will go (to the restaurant) and bring in some more," which I did, and various other ladies were "fed" in the same fashion. There is no end of good nature in Brahms, and with a keen appreciation of humour, he does much to brighten up our society. When our Verein attendant was laid up with a rather serious illness, his daughter took his place, and never once did the great composer forget to enquire kindly for the patient, asking for details of the doctor's visits and opinions, showing his great kindness of heart as well as his sympathy for all, no matter how humble their rank.

These few anecdotes will serve to show how our worthy president enters fully into the social life of the Verein. Always ready and willing to do all in his power to add to the enjoyment of those around him, unselfish and noble, warm-hearted and generous. Brahms, the greatest of living composers, lives his life very quietly, preferring his own circle round him to all the festivities and great fêtes which would be given in his honour in any part of the world should he wish for them. With such a man as president and other great musicians, all willing and ready to help up their less talented art-brothers, none will doubt that the Tonkünstler Verein does much for the younger musicians in Vienna.

Now my readers must fill in for themselves the company sitting round the tables, laughing, chatting, smoking and drinking; then imagine the various subjects of discussion, conversation and opinions on musical and other subjects; then one or other of the company rising to give us some music, the silence during the performance, applause, more chatter; then some of the incidents I have described, and so on. So we pass our *Gesellige Abende*, until perhaps at eleven, or later, some one makes a move, and the company subdivides itself, ending up, as I described in my last sketch, by some going home, others to *cafés*, etc.

\* I may say it is a very usual practice in Germany to *chink* glasses together before or whilst drinking, with the word "*Prosit*," equivalent to "Your health."

\* I refrain from mentioning the names of these ladies.—H.A.T.



It is difficult to imagine a society where the artistic temperament is better fostered than here. *This is the true Bohemian atmosphere*, where the sons of Art meet and are happy. Let us hope the day will yet come in England when

we shall have more of this atmosphere, and when the bond of art may be more strongly in evidence; when petty jealousies may give place to a great unity of all students of St. Cecilia.

H. A. T.



## The Norwich Festival.



ANOTHER Norwich Festival has come and gone, and it is our duty to record here briefly the results. The choice of Handel's *Jephtha* for the initial performance was doubtless ascribable to the spirit of revival which, of late years, has been a notable and praiseworthy feature of gatherings of this kind. Handel had to be represented, and instead of giving one of the more frequently-heard works the committee elected to afford the patrons the opportunity of hearing the neglected *Jephtha*, the last oratorio that came from the master's pen when failing sight necessitated a longer period for composition than had been the case a decade before. As a whole, it is not entitled to rank among his finest productions, though it contains about half a dozen numbers in which the genius of the composer is fully shown. The work was performed with the additional accompaniments composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the revival at Novello's concerts a few years ago—accompaniments that enrich the original without interfering with its former colour. The oratorio was of course severely "cut," for it is far too long for modern patience and usage.

The second day, when the Prince of Wales attended, opened with a performance of Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*, conducted by the composer. The production of this fine work twelve years ago is one of the proudest achievements of Norwich, so far as the musical art is concerned. Its success was never for an instant in doubt; and although *The Rose of Sharon* is not heard in London so often as it should be, it has not been forgotten by provincial societies. The music is fresh and unconventional throughout, and it would be difficult to say whether the flow of melody, the contrapuntal skill in the choral numbers, or the delicate orchestration is the feature most worthy of praise. The performance at the Festival was creditable to all concerned. In the evening the programme opened with Grieg's popular *Peer Gynt*, Suite No. 1; after which Dr. Hubert Parry stepped on to the platform to conduct his setting for eight part chorus and orchestra of Milton's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. The motet is in Dr. Parry's best manner, and should be heard, not only at festivals, but as an item in the repertory of all choral societies who can do it justice. Mr. Frederic Cliffe's new Violin Concerto, played by M. Tivadar Nachez, came next; and a somewhat over-lengthy concert closed with Mr. Randegger's tuneful cantata, *Fridolin*, originally produced twenty-three years ago at Birmingham. The concerto will make an interesting addition to our national music. There is a breadth of conception and execution about it which is almost comparable with the work of Brahms. Another opportunity of hearing it will soon occur, and until then details of the work may be reserved.

On the Thursday morning there was an excellent performance of *Elijah*, and the evening brought the most important novelty of the Festival, Signor Mancinelli's cantata—or rather opera—*Hero and Leander*. The new work will certainly increase the reputation of the gifted Italian composer. The familiar Greek legend has often received the attention of

musicians, but no such elaborate treatment has before been accorded it as that of Signor Mancinelli, and his opera should be promptly staged, which would be its proper home. The extremely well-arranged libretto is by Signor Arigo Boito, who, for some mysterious reason, now calls himself Tobia Gorrio. The music is remarkable from many varied points. That it is cast in an essentially modern mould is only to be expected. Those who remember the composer's *Isaiah*, produced at the Festival of 1887, will readily discover an affinity in the style of both works. The same limpid flow of melody runs through the pages of the new opera, which is also strongly dramatic and notable for the boldness and unconventionality of its harmonic treatment. The presence in one place of a veritable roudade of the good old sort must be attributed to some whim on the composer's part. The employment of consecutive fifths gives a peculiar Attic colouring to some of the music, and reproduces an effect already utilised by Boito in the Helen of Troy scene of his *Mefistofele*. The composer indulges frequently his fondness for peculiar and uncommon rhythms. The instrumentation is throughout admirable, and rich in novel effects. Among the salient features of this beautiful work may be mentioned the entire introductory scene in the Temple of Venus. The opening phrase of this, full of luscious sweetness, slowly unwinds itself, and gradually expands into a ravishing invocation to the goddess sung by the entire chorus. The effect of this is veritably entrancing. Most quaint and charming is the sacred dance of the second act. It is, however, in the two great love duets that the composer surpasses himself. The music of these, alternately tender and passionate, is wonderfully expressive of the words, and rises to great heights of emotional intensity. In a few words, the most important novelty of the Festival fully justified the committee's choice of a composer. The Signor himself conducted, and received quite an ovation.

The last day of the Festival opened with Gounod's *Redemption*; and in the evening came the third novelty, namely, Dr. Stanford's Irish ballad for chorus and orchestra, *Phandrig Crohoore*. The music is thoroughly Irish in character, and the work is such that it will probably be widely taken up by choral bodies throughout the country. The evening programme included also Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture No. 3, and the third act of *Lohengrin*.

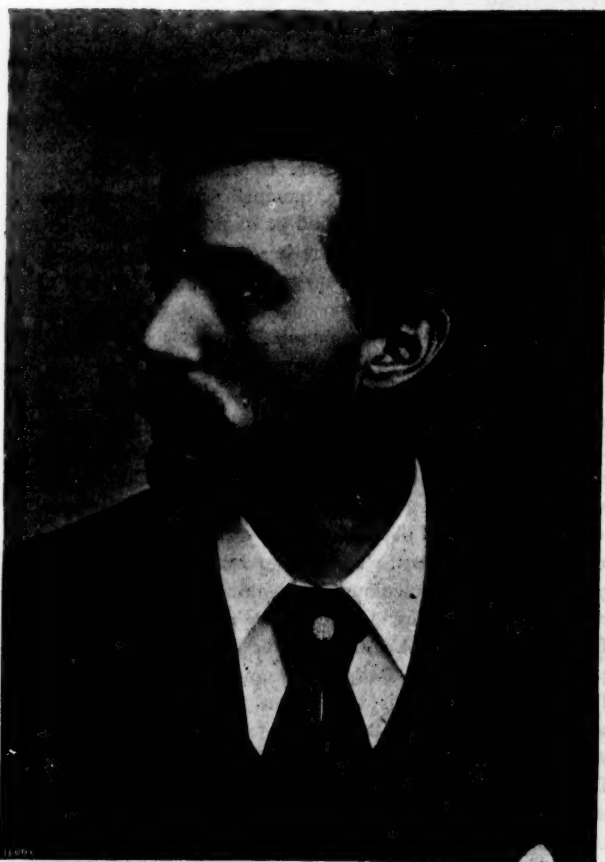
It only remains to say that the band, led by Mr. G. H. Betjemann, was as fine a body as had ever been heard at Norwich, while the chorus was quite up to the usual standard. The principal vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss Gertrude Izard, and Madame Ella Russell, sopranos; Mrs. Katherine Fisk and Miss Sarah Berry, contraltos; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Reginald Brophy and Ben Davies, tenors; and Messrs. Watkin Mills, J. H. Brockbank, and Andrew Black, basses. The chorus-master was Dr. Hill, the organist was Dr. Bunnett, and the conductor Signor Randegger.



## Musical life in London.



—:0:—



MR. H. J. WOOD.

## FIRST RICHTER CONCERT.

THE usual large audience assembled on the 19th to welcome the ever popular conductor. It is an open question whether the change to Queen's Hall is an improvement—although Richter is popular everywhere. It was a great disappointment to many that Dvorak's new symphonic poem could not be performed, but few will regret having heard the Bohemian composer's fine "Scherzo Capriccioso"—a work sparkling with brilliant orchestration and daring harmonic transitions, and with all the dazzling variegations of the modern scherzo. The *Siegfried Idyll*, the Introduction to the 3rd Act of the *Meistersinger*, and the "Huldigungs-Marsch," were the Wagner items, of which the *Meistersinger* was conducted as only Richter can conduct it.

The other items were Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture, and Liszt's beautiful poem, "Les Préludes," after a portion of the exquisite "Méditations Poétiques" de Lamartine, which has long since converted many of the depreciators of Franz Liszt (as a composer) to the knowledge that he has many claims as such. The remaining concerts in London will be on October 26 and November 2 respectively.

## YSAÏE.

The first of two piano and violin recitals, given by Messrs. Delafosse and Ysaye, was held on Tuesday afternoon, the 20th,

at St. James' Hall, before a fairly large audience. M. Ysaye is well known to London amateurs as a violinist of a high order, possessing at once a fine technic and tone, and a great deal of genuine musical feeling. M. Delafosse is a pianist of the school so largely represented nowadays—players who possess an excellent mechanical technic, but with little or nothing else. If mechanical dexterity is to become the chief aim and object of art, so much the worse for art. Many men who play some of the biggest works written are totally incapable of playing some of the smallest pieces of Schumann. The programme consisted of Saint-Saën's Second Sonata, which was exceedingly well played; a Concertstück for Violin, by F. Rasse—a work which, although containing a lot of brilliant work for the solo instrument, might well have given place to something of more importance; Raff's "Sonate Chromatique," and some half a dozen piano solos. The second recital is on November 27.

## QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERTS.

October 10, Mr. Robert Newman's benefit night, brought this series of concerts in Queen's Hall to a close as far as the regular season is concerned though the enterprising manager, who is nothing if not thorough, has notified their weekly continuance—on Saturday evenings—until April next. Such a bold policy, of course, deserves to succeed, and every one must wish it a hearty success, though it remains to be seen if the general public and the metropolitan music lovers will, with the multitudinous counter attractions of the coming season, support the venture in sufficient numbers to make it a paying investment—this, too, in the face of the full concert prices of payment to the orchestral members. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in connection with these concerts during the past month has been the wonderful amount of material assimilated by the orchestra and its clever conductor. Symphonies, overtures, symphonic poems, and orchestral pieces of all descriptions have been given in endless profusion, many of them being more or less novelties, and involving considerable preparation. It is true that the abandoning of the Tchaikowsky scheme came in the nature of a disappointment; but I am still in hopes of hearing a performance of the last Symphony (Pathetic), if not the "Nut-Cracker" Suite for orchestra, both of which were planned for performance, whilst Mr. Frederick Dawson has already given a performance of the great B $\flat$  minor Concerto. Of all the novelties submitted, the most attractive has proved to be a Spanish Caprice, Op. 34, by the Russian composer Rimski-Korsakoff, a work immediately successful, probably largely on account of its really wonderful orchestration, and the fascinating oriental colouring thus imparted to its themes, especially noticeable in the last number. The themes themselves are also possessed of a rather unusual degree of freshness, and the work has been received with an exceptional cordiality. The only other composition representing the modern Russian school was a set of *Scènes de Ballet*, Op. 52, by Glazounoff, which, judging by first impressions only, is not remarkable.

Amongst the remaining novelties, many of them marked first performance in England, may be noted the following, Moszkowski, Introduction and dance, Sarabande and double, "March of the Dwarfs" (the last a "grotesque" piece in the



nature of the final number of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite), from the "Laurin" Ballet; Grieg, arrangement of two Norwegian melodies; Percy Pitt (the accompanist at these concerts), Air, Gavotte, and Musette, from "Suite in D," and a "Coronation March," specially composed for the performance, commemorating her Majesty's reign,—works in which earnestness of treatment, and the facility that comes with practice to the serious student, are more apparent than any marked power of invention, or depth of inspiration; Dvorak, fifth Symphony "From the New World," repeated several times, and very finely given on each occasion, and the "Carneval" Overture; T. H. Trewin (one of the first violins), an orchestral work founded on Byron's "Mazeppa," a composition containing much fairly interesting, though not very distinctive material, but well planned out for the orchestra; Hamish McCunn, "Mountain and Flood"; Edward German, three dances from "Henry VIII.,"; Ponchelli, "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda*; and a Symphony by Baron Franchetti. Besides all this, there have been orchestral versions of many famous piano pieces, some of which were not altogether successful in their new settings. Thus we have heard Müller-Berghan's version of Liszt's E major Polonaise, and the Rubinstein Valse Caprice. Glazounoff's version of Chopin's A major Polonaise, and a repetition of Mottl's version of the Schubert Fantasia for four hands in F minor. The modern French School of composition has been drawn upon very largely—in fact, too largely, if comparative merit were the test. Many of the compositions drawn from this source might have their titles fitted to any of their companion works without the slightest feeling of impropriety, as apart from the peculiar "French" feeling and characteristics, many of them lack all signs of a distinctive individuality. Massenet, whose compositions have been the more frequently performed, and perhaps the best received, was represented by the overture to *Le Cid*, and by a Rhapsody and March from the same work marked first performance; but in addition have been given Chaminade's Suite d'Orchestre; "The Dubois" selection from Xavière; Guilmant, "March Fantasia"; Charrier, "Marche Joyeuse," "Sclavonic dance"; and Lalo, Rhapsodie (Norvégienne?). The great classic masters have been well represented. Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, etc., have each and all been represented—mostly well represented—by their best and most characteristic works. Of the soloists, it is now unnecessary to make individual mention, as their selections have frequently been the reverse of high-class music; this, I am sorry to state, refers to young singers as well as veterans. But it is surely surprising that an artist of Mr. Charles Manners' calibre would consent to sing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" in a version mutilated at the close, to gain the cheap applause of an ignorant few. These remarks on the solo singers may well fit, with one or two exceptions, the efforts of the orchestral members as soloists. Indeed, after listening to their efforts, one is strongly inclined to ask, Is there then no serious music for wind or brass solo instruments, that players are obliged (?) to fall back on the empty stutters of a Singelee fantasia, or tootle-tootles on Chopin's "Funeral March," and the like. And it is all the more grievous because the individual players are all men of more or less ability. I now come to the orchestra—last, but not least—the true Prima Donna of these concerts. Many of their performances must be admitted by every fair-minded critic to be not only admirable, but even better than a great number of the so-called first-class orchestra performances in London. That they have had their "ups and downs," their "off and on" nights may be

freely admitted, but one thing strongly noticeable has been the gradual and consistent improvement in the matter of unanimity of attack and in finish towards the close of the series. Mondays—the evening always devoted to Wagner—for some reason, not immediately discernible, seems especially to have always been a more or less "off" night, and there was a very noticeable deterioration in the playing during the first part of the last week of the series, for which the Norwich Festival was doubtless responsible. This resulted in the withdrawal of many of the strongest of the players, and in the substitution of cornets for the customary trumpets, and the eking out, if I am not mistaken, of the second clarinet part on a bassoon in Elizabeth's prayer from *Tannhäuser*; the result, of course, was rather a bad breakdown. Against these lesser deficiencies, only noticed because they were easily avoidable, must be placed the splendid life and vigour of the general run of performances, and the unwearying tact and splendid energy of their chief.

#### THE CONDUCTOR OF THE PROMENADES.

Mr. Henry J. Wood, the popular conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, asked me to call at his cosy little house in Langham Place, on my requesting him to give me a "chat" on the Promenade Concerts and kindred subjects.

In reply to my very numerous queries, Mr. Wood gave me most frankly his opinions and views. Last year the orchestra numbered sixty performers—all English. Mr. Newman, who is ever ready to further the wishes of his conductor, gradually increased this number to its present force of 103. There are now six foreigners in his band—not because Mr. Wood favours them, but because he thinks it difficult, or even impossible, to find enough English players at a short notice. French pitch is, of course, used in Queen's Hall by our conductor, who has very strong views on that subject.

Wagner and Beethoven are, it seems, the favourites at these concerts. Oddly enough, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and other "evenings" were tried, and although fairly successful last season, have had to be abandoned. Mr. Wood's great ambition is to drill his forces into the position of a first-class orchestra, but he complains, and with justice, of the difficulty he experiences in getting satisfactorily long rehearsals, and the awful times he must undergo with "deputies."

Both Mr. Wood and Mr. Newman are always pleased to take new talent on its merit, and have already given several young performers an opportunity of appearing at their concerts. Both, too, strive to cultivate the taste and appreciation for good music.

Naïvely Mr. Wood allowed me to draw from him the admission that the title "Classical Evening" was a failure; it seemed to frighten many off; but that without the name the same programme would draw a good audience; and, with a merry glance, "I often introduce some of my stiffest works on the 'Popular Evenings.'" It is gratifying to know that the audiences are critically attentive, and our conductor "gets absolute silence alike for the popular and severely classical."

Perhaps the most interesting part of our chat was on the future "plans." Mr. Wood has no less than twenty-six new scores on hand, including some works to be produced for the first time in England. Although willing and desirous of producing the works of our English composers, Mr. Wood rightly says "the claims of art come before those of nationality"; thus his plan is to produce at each concert the works of six nationalities—rather an ambitious task, but an excellent one.

In reply to my question why Brahms had been entirely omitted through the entire season, Mr. Wood complains that if a conductor has to pay for performance right of Brahms, Dvorak, and others out of his own pocket, it becomes rather a drain on his income, and this will be clear to everybody. Several scores of this kind have been already bought, with complete band parts, by Mr. Wood himself. However, Mr. Newman purposes to found a complete musical library in connection with these concerts, which will open many new resources, and

enable many works to be performed at present perforce excluded.

That Mr. Wood has a bright career before him may be predicted with confidence, and with his good nature and talent none will begrudge him whatever success may fall to his lot. His fellow musicians and the public alike respect him on account of his talents, and to those who have a more intimate connection with him his *bonhomie* makes him an ever-welcome guest.

## ❧ The Impressionist. ❧

AS the "question of the month" seems to be on the advisability of Study in England *versus* on the Continent, perhaps the "Impressions" of one who has tried both may be of some little value towards a thorough threshing out of the subject. For my own part, I am not sure that there is a material advantage on either side, though I am inclined to think, if there be, it is on the side of a Continental course of study. There are pros and cons on each side, and generally speaking circumstances must decide.

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There is one side of the question, however, on which I am of a very definite opinion, and that is the necessity of—unless in very exceptional cases—sending the earnest student of music *away from home surroundings*. English parents are for the most part so ignorant of, and so little impressed with, the necessity of the steady and persevering work and practice that is incumbent upon any young musician who would hope to succeed in his vocation, that your home student is subject to countless interruptions, and at times even encouraged to break in upon his regular hours of study and practice, often with a very demoralizing result. Music, as a vocation, is so little understood in England that I am confident that the ignorance of, and want of sympathy with, the aims of any young artist in his home surroundings are much more serious in their effects than is generally estimated.

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Let us take an average typical case. A youngster shows, let us say, signs of aptitude for the musical profession, and his parents, after perhaps anxious consultation, decide to put him under masters here, and the result is that the youth has to develop himself almost entirely from himself, with what help he can get from his weekly or bi-weekly personal communications with his professor. Except, under very exceptional circumstances he receives no practical sympathy—when I say practical sympathy, I mean the only sympathy that is of any practical value, the sympathy that comes from a thorough knowledge of the art of music—but is rather thrown back upon himself by the ignorance—often contemptuous—of members of his own family.

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The other side of this picture is that when a young student is sent abroad, say, to any German musical centre, he is thrown immediately and absolutely into the very centre of a seething mass of students like unto himself. He eats music, he drinks music, and talks of nothing but his art; the result is often the acquirement of more practical knowledge and insight in six months than in all the preceding years of his life. Here, of course, there are also many and very obvious

disadvantages. The student is removed from all parental control over his morals, and to a very great extent over his studies also, and therefore any tendency to a downward course or to shirk work that might have been apparent in his home surroundings will have their full fling when removed from all control. Yet another rather serious consideration is the fact that a young artist returning home after a stay of three years or so at any of the great music centres abroad, does so as a complete stranger to the musical life and conditions he will meet, and which he will as often as not, with his most impressionable years spent under quite different conditions, feel entirely out of sympathy with. This will often make his initial efforts to succeed unusually difficult. This point is generally entirely absent in the home-cured article; his progress in his profession is very gradual, for the reason that he is surrounded by his professors, who are professionally interested in his personal progress, and will aid him as opportunity arises.

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Thus to those who enter music as a profession, and as a means more or less to *£ s. d.* (there are yet fools of this description), I say remain in England. To those whose first thought is their individual progress and the development of any talent that God may have given them, and whose second thought only is the turning it into the current coin of the realm, I advise, try the Continent or any country that will offer a change to the often narrow and commercial views of the music question that prevail here.

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Into the purely monetary side of the question from the point of view of the parents, it is scarcely worth while to enter, as the difference is really very slight, all things considered, and is scarcely of interest, I take it, to engage the general reader. There is, however, a very general idea prevalent, that the Continental Schools of music are in general superior to our own. That is an opinion I do not in the least subscribe to. The study of music is certainly more seriously regarded, and more earnestly studied, and consequently results, in the long run, in many instances to the student's advantage; but German conservatoriums—any more than our own—are not immaculate, and their most highly prized diplomas and the like are often worthless on account of favouritism, etc. I could give several instances from my own personal experience, but one may suffice. It was in connection with a very famous institution, and the scene was at a singing class. The door was suddenly opened, and a youth (clerk) from the secretary's office, appeared with a diploma referring to one of the ex-pupils. Going straight up to the professor, he exclaimed, "If you please, Herr Professor E— will you be good



enough to sign this, and put 'very diligent' (*sehr fleissig*) on this!"

A very interesting and fine feature of the teaching profession in Germany is the readiness of Professors to aid any poor student who shows talent, but is not in good pecuniary circumstances. I myself have known literally dozens of poor students who have received the greater part at least of their musical education free. Professors like Martin Krause, of Leipzig, Carl Halir and Joachim, etc., of Berlin, and many others, whose time is always in demand at very remunerative rates, prefer—and carry out their preferences—to teaching the talented gratis rather than accept a wealthy but musically deficient booby. Of course I would not suggest that such is unknown here, because I myself am a proof to the contrary, having received lessons gratis from two very well known professors, at one of our largest teaching institutions; but "one swallow does not make a summer," and I think well-paid and financially flourishing professors in London would be surprised at the extent to which their more charitable continental *confrères* practice "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is of course impossible to give an adequate statement of the pros and cons in the limited space at my disposal. I pass over, for instance, the many opportunities and facilities extended to students to have high-class music at lesser rates than that demanded of the general public abroad, and merely say, taking things for and against, music study is just as good and cheap in any of our larger centres as in any of the famous German towns, provided the home surroundings or other influences be non-disturbing. But should there be the least inclination in favour of the Continent, gratify it, for you will probably benefit by it in the long run.

The only piano performances of the past month worth referring to in detail have been, first, the appearance of Miss Elizabeth Reynolds—an old-time contributor of much music to the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC—and Mr. Frederick Dawson's playing of Beethoven's *Emperor* and Tschaikowski's B♭ minor concerto. Miss Reynolds' choice fell upon Liszt's *Fantasia Hongroise*, a work which was originally No. 14 of the series of Hungarian Rhapsodies, was re-arranged in the form of a pianoforte fantasia with orchestral setting, parts of the first version being omitted and others slightly altered here and there in accordance with the new conditions. It was again reset by the composer for orchestra alone as No. 1 of the orchestral versions of the Rhapsodies, in which form it is become one of the most popular. I think Miss Reynolds was wise in the exercising of her choice, as, although her performance might be criticised on the point of strength and majesty, yet in the delicate portions her technique and lightness of touch were entirely satisfactory. Much of the technical means of this work sounds somewhat old-fashioned and unsatisfactory, as, for instance, the last two pages of the piano part, which is usually drowned when playing the work with an up-to-date orchestra. It is only when a pianist with the fingers of a Stavenhagen plays the work that we realize that it is possible to make such passages in the least degree effective. Unfortunately, in this particular instance, the conductor, Mr. Wood, let his forces get a little too strong and rough at times, and the general effect was not increased by the misfortune of the snapping of a string on the first violin just before his solo entry. Therefore, taking all points into consideration, I should prefer to

refrain from any criticism on this young English pianiste until after further appearances, or, at least, till after her piano recital, which, Miss Reynolds informed me, she intended giving very shortly.

I now turn to Mr. Dawson and his playing of the *Emperor* and Tschaikowski's B♭ minor (not B minor as announced) concertos. Of the first, I say little. I do not care for the Beethoven concertos, and knowing them well, do not hesitate to say so. They bore me and appear to me too full of empty display passages in the piano part. Mr. Dawson made the piano part as interesting as I imagine it can be made, and was practically and technically perfect, barring a certain indistinctness in the delivery of the syncopated rhythms of the first subject of the final movement.

With the Tschaikowski, however, I feel very differently. The work itself is so huge and fantastic, of such sweeping outlines, and is coloured by the orchestra with such glowing magnificence, that it captivates me more and more each time I hear it with the orchestra. In its way it is unique in the modern pianoforte concerto literature. It ranks with Rubinstein's fourth (D minor) in its peculiar *genre*; though putting the delicious slow movement of the Rubinstein aside, which is unsurpassable, I venture to think it is of the more value. It has points also in common with the Rubinstein, as, for instance, the curious *prestissimo* in the slow movement, which in the Rubinstein is merely a *con moto*. The last movement is one of the most effective and most inspiring amongst all piano concertos. How wonderful is the simple transformation of the second subject by which in place of being seductive and insinuating it grips you relentlessly with a hand sheathed in iron!

That Mr. Frederick Dawson failed to entirely satisfy me in his reading of this work did not in the least surprise me. It is a work for only two or three of the world's pianists, and amongst those two or three, with all his estimable qualities, Mr. Dawson is not yet. His reading was fine, however, remarkably so; it was broad, and at times dignified; but there was too much changing of *tempo*, which gave it a somewhat patchy effect, that it ought not to possess; moreover, it was not by any means note perfect, split octaves being especially noticeable. One other most noticeable defect was the delivery of the first figure of the opening *Allegro* immediately following the introductory *Moderato*. The rhythm here is two notes of a triplet with the last note replaced by a rest. Mr. Dawson, however, played them as two notes of even value, and it was somewhat curious to hear the orchestra *gradually* feeling for the right time value of this figure. For all these deficiencies, the reading of the work as a whole, was a piece of good and fine work, that this young pianist may well be proud of, and I believe it to be richer even in promise than in achievement.

D. T's critic at Norwich Festival: "Grieg's . . . 'Dance of the Gnomes,' one of those eccentric combinations of noises, which, like Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries,' are only excusable in connection with the stage. What the Grieg hullabaloo has to do in a concert room I could never find out, but I quite understand why it is placed there." The *Musical Times*: . . . "The Finale is one of the most striking and original tone-pictures given to the world during recent years." Which is right? H. O.

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# The Colonne Orchestra.



M. COLONNE.

THE thanks of London musicians and concert-goers are due to Mr. Adlington for bringing M. Colonne, and the famous orchestra of the *Association Artistique*, to the Metropolis. Certain it is that due recognition was not given to the enterprise, as, with the exception of the last of the four concerts given, the audiences were small. London amateurs are chary about welcoming new-comers, but we hope and believe that, as in the case of other great conductors, the unstinted praise given to the undertaking by those who attended will lead to more general appreciation and ultimate triumph. Mr. Adlington determinedly refused to fill the hall with free tickets, although, it appears, applications were numerous.

The programme of the first concert, October 12, comprised Weber's *Jubilee Overture*, the performance of which calls for little praise. This was followed by an artistic reading of Mendelssohn's *Reformation* Symphony. The remainder of the concert consisted of French music—namely, a serenade of Charpentier's, Selection from Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust," "Berceuse de Jocelyn," and selections from Massenet's *Herodiade*. To most of us, new lights were thrown on the French music, the *Faust* selections being rendered in an

absolutely perfect manner. Mdlle. Prègi, who made her *début* at this concert, is a soprano of no small merit, her performance showing keen artistic perception, with splendid training; and although her voice is perhaps somewhat weak, it is charming in quality, and we shall always be pleased to hear her sing. In Godard's exquisite *Berceuse*, M. Baretta (the solo violoncellist of the orchestra) carried the audience entirely with him, and proved himself an artist in the highest sense of the term.

The second concert, on Wednesday, the 14th, was somewhat better patronized than the first. Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," was the first item. This work is thoroughly well known to all amateurs, but under M. Colonne's baton an enormous amount of new beauty was revealed. The first movement, "Reveries," with its haunting and passionate oft-recurring "Idée Fixe," was rendered with great charm. The beautiful Ball Scene, founded on a most graceful waltz theme, and the "Scène aux Champs," with the pastoral duet and the roll of distant thunder, were fully enjoyed. The wild "March to the Scaffold" we have seldom, if ever, heard better performed, and was redemanded. In the wonderful finale, "Songe d'une Nuit du Sabbat," a queer combination of genius and madness, vividly recalling the legendary "Walpurgisnacht," or the eccentricity of the Wiertz' pictures, the conductor excelled himself, calling forth a burst of applause from the audience, to whom the frenzied "Witches' Dance," as then given, was indeed a revelation. Why the *Kinderscenen* from Schumann were put on the programme would be hard to say. The trifle, "Sous les Tilleuls," of Massenet might also have given place to something more worthy of a hearing. Mr. Max Hambourg, the brilliant pupil of Leschitzky, introduced a new piano concerto of Edouard Schütt's, a work which seemed to contain less of the delicacy shown in the majority of this composer's works, although perhaps more mechanism. I, however, prefer to reserve a detailed criticism of the composition until after another opportunity of hearing it. Herr Hambourg, as usual, left little to be desired, either in technique or in technic. The composer was present, and, it is said, took the long journey from Vienna simply to hear the Concerto. An interesting novelty was introduced at this concert in *Psyché*, by César Franck. This is one of the movements of a symphonic poem, and is certainly worthy of repetition. The remaining number was from Saint-Saëns' *Ascanio*. The adagio gave us the opportunity of hearing M. Balleron, the solo flautist of the orchestra, the variations on the adagio being very brilliant.

The third concert on the 16th opened with Bizet's Suite, "Roma," which was finely given, more especially the beautiful Andante. Mrs. Katharine Fisk sung the solo, "O Love, from thy power let me borrow," and joined M. Vergnet in the duet from Act II. of *Samson et Dalila* (Saint-Saëns), M. Morix Loevensohn, played the 'Cello Concerto by the same composer. The vocal selection met with an appreciative reception. M.



Loevensohn I have heard give a better account of himself. Quite the feature of this concert was the "Ride of the Valkyries," which effectively dispelled any doubts as to M. Colonne's capabilities for conducting other than French music. The performance of this masterpiece would have done credit to Bayreuth.

"La Nuit et l'Amour," by Mdlle. Augusta Holmes, part of a symphonic ode, opens with a pleasing theme for 'cellos which is cleverly developed. Two delicate gems by Mdlle. Chaminade, from *Callirhoë*, were a refreshing item, and ought to be better known.

At the fourth and last concert on Saturday afternoon, the 17th, the programme was perhaps the most interesting of all, which no doubt accounted to some extent for the splendid audience assembled.

The Beethoven C Minor Symphony is so well known that it will suffice to say the translation was fine, if hardly in accordance with our orthodox reading, some of the contrasts of "timbre" being entirely novel. Bach's B Minor Suite was a most welcome addition. Mr. Frederick Dawson appeared in Liszt's E flat Concerto. Mr. Dawson fails to awaken enthusiasm in his listeners, and must be classed with the school who forget or disbelieve that *mechanism* is only a means to an end, and in itself can never do more than astonish. The *Marche Hongroise* was given with a wonderful "schwung," and went far towards proving that M. Colonne is indeed THE interpreter of Berlioz music.

The Prelude to *Parsifal* was hardly satisfactory. The remainder of the programme calls for no special comment. At the conclusion of Saturday's Concert, M. Colonne was most heartily applauded. In a short interview, M. Colonne expresses himself pleased with his reception, and our appreciation of his claims as a conductor; further, that although the small audiences are not conducive to success, the fact of the very perceptible increase at each concert seemed to point that the London amateurs had reserved their patronage pending the results of the first of the concerts. That we are to have M. Colonne again with us, is, however, a settled question, and it is to be hoped that this orchestra will by-and-by be counted among our regular visitors. Let it be said, M. Colonne does not wish to be considered a conductor of *French Music* only, or chiefly, as his programme might have led one to suppose, and certainly his treatment of the classics fully justifies his claim to recognition as a great conductor.

Perhaps when he next comes to England, and understands us better, the programmes may be selected so as better to suit our tastes.

M. Colonne had his forces well in hand; his players are all picked, and being a great believer in introducing new blood, he is constantly strengthening his orchestra. The woodwinds are particularly fine, and the soloists—artists. The ensemble is perfect, and, taken all round, we can only say of this *débutant*, "A great conductor with a splendid orchestra," and to him, "Come again."

H. A. T.

## Bristol Musical Festival.

THE Ninth Triennial Musical Festival opened on the 14th ult., and continued, as usual, for four days. Since the last gathering in 1893, there have been some changes in the management, to which it may be well to refer before going on to speak of the performances of the week. Owing to the sudden and lamented death of Sir Charles Hallé last autumn, the committee found it necessary to make fresh arrangements, and in the spring of the present year Mr. George Riseley was elected to the vacant post of conductor, Mr. D. W. Rootham retaining his position of chorus-master. At the same time the services of the Bristol Choral Society were secured, thus considerably strengthening the Festival Choir, and a joint committee was formed of members of the two Societies, for carrying out all arrangements for the Festival. The choir numbered about 500 voices, and was well balanced, consisting mainly of members who had regularly attended the rehearsals held twice or thrice weekly since April. It was a matter of difficulty to prepare, in so short a time, a worthy programme which should receive efficient treatment, and this has only been done by strenuous effort on the part of all concerned. A fair number of new choral works was presented, but the scheme consisted chiefly of such music as was more or less familiar to both the choirs who composed the chorus. Thus we had the *Elijah*, the *Creation*, Brahms' *Requiem*, the *Golden Legend*, and the *Messiah*, all well-known to Bristolians, while Gounod's *Requiem*, Dr. Parry's *Job* and several slighter works, represented the novelties. Of orchestral works we had a great variety; the claims of English writers were fully recognised,

and the chief Continental schools were widely represented, the works of Wagner being specially prominent. Several rehearsals were held in London, with band and principals, shortly before the Festival, and the full rehearsals on the 12th and 13th ult., in the Colston Hall, Bristol, augured well for the success of the week's music.

The band numbered 100 strong, and was drawn partly from local resources and partly from London and elsewhere. The first violins were under the joint leadership of Mr. T. Carrington (Bristol) and Mr. Eayres; the 'cellos, of Mr. E. Pavey (Bristol) and Mr. Woolhouse; while Mr. F. Gardner (Bristol) led the second violins. The organist was Mr. J. H. Fulford.

We were concerned, then, with the *Elijah* on the opening morning of the Festival, and, to my thinking, this was the finest performance of the week—so good was it, indeed, that criticism is almost out of place. It is certainly true that the extreme familiarity of the music, as well as that of the *Messiah*, should always ensure a first-rate rendering of these oratorios, but it is equally true that it does not do so, and one often suffers from careless, slovenly singing, no doubt due to want of adequate rehearsal. Here, however, no such defects were visible; the choir showed themselves thoroughly at home and also deeply interested in their work, and completely in sympathy with their conductor. Their first entry in the cry "Help Lord" was a thing long to be remembered, and, as the work went on, they shone not only in those portions requiring robust and spirited singing, but also in the delicacy and expression required by the more subdued choruses, while "The deeps afford no water"

was a finished specimen of choral recitative. Now and then a lead was a little weak and uncertain, as, for instance, "Though thousands fall," and the first "Behold, God the Lord"; but it is needless to dwell upon the rare faults, where there were such abounding excellencies. It struck me that the chorus "Thanks be to God" was taken decidedly faster than is customary, which a little impaired its breadth and gave a sense of hurry, but the grandeur of the closing bars did much to atone for this.

The general opinions I heard around me were most favourable, most of the critics agreeing that the Bristol chorus can hold its own with any other Festival Choir in spirit, brightness, clearness of enunciation, variety and purity of tone, and delicacy of shading, and only yields in strength and resonance to those famous bodies of Yorkshire singers whom, in these particulars, Southerners cannot hope to equal.

It will be sufficient to mention that the principal soloists were Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Andrew Black, as their achievements in their respective parts are so familiar to the lovers of the *Elijah*. Subordinate parts were undertaken by Fräulein Witting, Misses Aldersley and Harris, Messrs. Braxton Smith and Thomas, while the part of the youth was sung both intelligently and musically by Master Frank Gardner, son of the leader of the second violins, and a chorister at Bristol Cathedral. A word of gratitude is due to the band for their admirable playing throughout, and especially for the very careful and sympathetic accompaniments of the solos.

#### THE EVENING CONCERT.

A large company again filled Colston Hall in the evening, chiefly, as it would appear, to do honour to the great German soprano, Fräulein Malten, who had been persuaded, for the first time, to honour a provincial festival. She certainly had no reason to complain of her reception, and at one time there seemed some danger of her being smothered in flowers, such tributes being a new departure in the annals of Bristol Festivals, so far as I remember. The lady received the homage with pleasure, apparently, even to a huge laurel wreath somewhat awkward to dispose of. We had no reason to complain of her treatment of us either, for she gave us liberally of her best, and moved us to wonder and admiration more and more as the evening wore on; for though in the scena from *Oberon*, "Ocean, du ungeheuer," and in the Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde* (substituted for an air from Gluck's *Armida*) her power and dramatic conception were marvellous, it was in the last selection, the closing scene of the Nibelung tragedy, that she was at her greatest. Space would fail me were I to enter into details of this performance, so I must pass on to notice other items in the enormous programme, which, even with the omission of two vocal solos, was not over till 11.30. Dr. Parry was present to conduct an excellent rendering of his beautiful work, "Blest Pair of Sirens," much in favour with Bristolians, and rightly so. In this the choir sang finely, and with the keenest interest. The old choral ballad, "Sir Patric Spens," received its usual spirited treatment, conducted by the experienced and popular chorus-master, Mr. D. Rootham, who must have been gratified by his enthusiastic reception. Mr. Braxton Smith was particularly successful in "Rendil sereno" from Handel's *Sosarme*, which suited him admirably. For the orchestra, they performed their Herculean tasks in the most praiseworthy manner, and gave us no less than four overtures, a symphony, Brahms, No. 2 in D, and a Liszt rhapsody, besides all the Wagner selections, upon which last very especial pains had been be-

stowed in preparation. The *pianissimo* in the beginning of the *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, which is always so striking when Mr. Riseley conducts, was even more so than usual, and the difficulties of the symphony were triumphantly surmounted. An interesting feature was the production of the MS. Overture *Othello*, which is new to Bristol, and was conducted by the composer, Mr. Walter Macfarren, who was a frequent visitor to our city in the days of the Monday Popular Concerts.

Thursday morning was occupied with Sullivan's "In Memoriam" Overture, Gounod's *Requiem*, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and Parts I. and II. of Haydn's *Creation*. The opening overture was chosen as a mark of respect to the late Sir Charles Hallé, and went well, though an occasional roughness was observable among the violins.

The *Requiem* was given for the first time in England, and received a careful and satisfactory rendering, though the choir was not so much at ease as on the previous day. As a composition, the work is appropriate, effective and melodious. Gounod's partiality for sequences, pedal points, harp accompaniment, and certain successions of chords and chromatic passages, is abundantly indulged, almost, at times, to monotony. I do not imagine that this work will take any very deep or lasting hold upon the public, though it will be welcomed as an occasional addition to a Festival scheme. The majestic singing of the Sanctus was most impressive, and, as a whole, the earlier numbers were more successful than the latter, the interest, both as regards composition and performance, flagged somewhat towards the end. The solos were entrusted to Madame Albani, Fräulein Witting, Messrs. Lloyd and Black. We are accustomed to hear the C minor Symphony in Bristol, but seldom, indeed, has a better reading been given than that on the present occasion. The *pianissimo* maintained in the scherzo was quite extraordinary, and a word of very special praise is due to the horns. Madame Albani sang the solo in "Hear my Prayer" with all her wonted fervour and enjoyment, and the choir performed their part excellently.

Of the *Creation* it is not necessary to say much beyond the fact that it was a good, though not first-rate, performance. The choir were not successful in their first entry on the words, "And the Spirit of God," and they also failed to come in promptly once or twice later on, notably in "The Heavens are telling." The solos received the fullest justice at the hands of Madame Albani, Messrs. Lloyd and Black, and the band again furnished most delicate accompaniments.

On Thursday evening there was even a larger audience than in the morning, and, if anything, a longer programme; so that those of us who endured to the end were still in the hall at 11.30, in spite of some numbers put down being omitted. The concert opened and closed with overtures; one, the single example from Schumann's works given at this Festival, the overture to *Manfred*; the other, Weber's *Oberon*. Two composers were present to conduct their works, Mr. E. German, and Mr. Hamish McCunn. The graceful and effective suite in D minor of the former was much admired, while the Scotch composer's characteristic overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," quite roused the audience to enthusiasm. Some remarks concerning this work by Sir George Grove, who was present during part of the Festival, were aptly quoted in the annotated programme, and would be repeated here did space allow.

The choral work of the evening was the "Hymn to Sun-



rise" of Coleridge's, set to music for chorus, baritone solo, and orchestra by a talented local amateur, Mr. P. N. Miles. It is a work which reflects great credit upon its composer, who is, perhaps a little too plainly, an ardent admirer and student of Dr. Parry's works, and has, indeed, worked under him for some time past. The interest is not equally sustained, but there are some clever and striking passages, and musical feeling is not lacking. Mr. Miles gives us some excellent themes, one especially fresh and bright, for the strings, upon a dominant pedal, which, as it proceeds, shows a good deal of mastery of the device of imitation. The solo part was greatly indebted to the artistic singing of Mr. Bispham, and the choir went through their task with right good-will. The orchestration was sometimes monotonous and heavy, but sound knowledge was shown almost throughout, and the working up to the final close was really fine and received all due effect from the combined forces. At the end of the performance the composer was called for, and was greeted with continued applause.

Fräulein Malten made her first appearance on this evening in Liszt's "Lorelei," and was the recipient of another ovation, repeated later on when she again gave us the Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde*, as beautifully sung as on the previous evening. The great feature of Part II. was the selection from *Die Walküre*, including the "Walkürenritt," Duet, the "Feuerzauber" and Wotan's "Abschied." With Fräulein Malten as Brünnhilde and Mr. Bispham as Wotan, we were indeed highly fortunate; and though one felt inclined to doubt the genuine appreciation of the audience when seeing them troop out in scores during the latter portion of the scene, I am inclined to believe that the exodus was due to the necessity of catching the special trains. The "Ritt" opened rather soberly, but warmth and excitement came as it proceeded, and the playing of the band generally was a real treat. On one occasion they sadly overpowered the solo voices; this was in the *Schmiedelieder* from *Siegfried*, in which I am sure Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Braxton Smith sang excellently; but most of us had to take this on trust, as we could hear nothing but the band. This was the single instance during the week of the instruments drowning the solo voices.

## FRIDAY.

The morning scheme was a most interesting one, and drew large numbers, though the grand crush was reserved for the *Golden Legend* at night. We had Dr. Parry again at hand, this time to conduct a fine performance of his oratorio *Job*, with which he expressed himself delighted, while he neatly evaded any comparison with Sheffield, which I heard eager Bristolians trying to force upon him. The part of the Patriarch had every possible advantage in the hands of its original exponent, Mr. Plunket Greene; Master Frank Gardner deservedly won golden opinions for his singing of the music of the shepherd youth; Mr. Ben Davies sang very effectively the music allotted to Satan; and Mr. Montague Worlock was responsible for the part of the Narrator. The band and chorus sustained their reputation, and showed the greatest enthusiasm for Dr. Parry and his work.

Dr. Ebenezer Prout now appeared to conduct his (MS.) Organ Concerto in E flat written some years ago for Mr. Riseley, and then played by him at one of the Monday Popular Concerts in Bristol. This time also Mr. Riseley took the solo, and his playing certainly showed no trace of the heavy labours he has gone through of late, but was a

brilliant and masterly performance of a most difficult task. Any composition by Professor Prout is sure to be both original and scholarly, and the present was no exception to the rule. Themes of beauty and interest were treated with that power and variety only attainable by one profoundly versed in his art; and though the work, at least on a first hearing, would appeal chiefly to the more educated of the hearers, yet its reception was a most favourable one, and both composer and soloist were loudly recalled.

Brahms' *Requiem* came very appropriately on that day, and was sang almost at the time of the funeral of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the audience standing throughout the first chorus as a mark of respect. The difficulties of the *Requiem* are very great, but all the performers brought their most earnest efforts to bear upon them, with the result of a most impressive rendering, not indeed without an occasional roughness or want of unity, but certainly without any real hitch. The solos were in the capable hands of Miss Esther Palliser and Mr. Andrew Black.

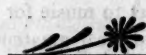
The evening brought a surfeit of good things, which cannot be dealt with much in detail. Again two composers conducted their works, and we had the pleasure of hearing a new dramatic scene "Siddartha," from the pen of our talented fellow citizen, Mr. J. L. Roeckel, in which Mr. Black sang the solo part with great success. Mr. Somervell's orchestral ballad "Helen of Kirkconnell," Brahms' Rhapsodie for alto solo, male voice choir and orchestra, in which Fräulein Witting appeared as the soloist, and the introduction to Act II. of the *Flying Dutchman*, were also gone through before proceeding to the *Golden Legend*, which occupied the second part of the evening. Miss Palliser, Miss H. Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd, Wills, and Black, were responsible for the solos and rendered them full justice, while the choir, notwithstanding a slip here and there, did admirably, and deserve especial praise for their beautiful singing of the unaccompanied "Evening Hymn." Again the audience left in crowds before the end, owing to the extreme lateness of the hour.

A very good all-round performance of the *Messiah* in its entirety brought the Festival to a close on Saturday afternoon. The solos were in the safe keeping of Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Black. Both band and chorus worked pluckily to the last, though signs of fatigue were fast creeping in, especially amongst the sopranos. The wonder was, not that there should be an occasional weak point, such as the chorus, "For He shall purify," but that there should be so much spirit and vigour, as well as care and precision, at the end of such a long strain. At the end of each of the morning performances there was, as usual, a collection in aid of the Bristol Royal Infirmary and General Hospital.

In closing these remarks, I should wish to add a word of congratulation to Mr. Riseley on the signal success which has attended his conductorship of this his first Festival. He is emphatically in his right place as a conductor both of orchestra and chorus, and has this week proved his ability to conduct not only oratorio but operatic and dramatic music in a manner worthy of the greatest admiration. His power of carrying every smallest detail in his head is quite exceptional and produces the happiest results; and he seems to draw out all that is possible from each individual, whether of band or chorus. It is a pleasure to hear that his appointment as conductor of the Festival, which was for this year only, has been made permanent.



## Our Round Table.



### "SHOULD MUSICAL STUDENTS GO ABROAD FOR INSTRUCTION?"

MISS HARRIET KENDALL, MISS MARGARET FOWLES, DR. G. B. ARNOLD AND T. W. E.

Miss Harriet Kendall answers in the negative.

Having received my own musical training at the Royal Academy of Music, and having in my mind the training of such masters as Manuel Garcia, H. C. Bannister, and Walter Macfarren, I am bound to say there is no necessity for students to go abroad, while such instruction as this is within their reach at home. Since then I have travelled in nearly every country of Europe, and have naturally gone into the music of each country I have visited, and the conclusion I have unhesitatingly arrived at is, that if we cannot become musicians and artists in England, it is entirely our own individual fault. It is unanimously agreed that professors in England receive much larger fees for their work than abroad, and that alone has caused many of our most prominent foreign professors to take up their abode in England permanently. Surely then, with such institutions as the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music at our own doors, it cannot be necessary to go abroad, any more than it is to garnish our artistic names with a meaningless *Madam* or *Signorina*, as it we were ashamed of being English.

Miss Margaret Fowles is in favour of a residence abroad.

I am very glad to have the opportunity of replying to your question. With the existence of such efficient schools of music in our midst—notably, of course, the Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Guildhall School—any really earnest student can undoubtedly fit himself for a distinguished position in the world of music, provided that he works hard also at the principles of a thorough all-round education and culture. By these means there can be little doubt that such a student will obtain a thorough mastery over the theoretical and practical technic of music, and a conscientious use of his knowledge would procure for him an honourable name and position.

At the same time I consider that a residence abroad, or even a tour to the principal musical centres on the Continent, after this course of study, would do much in the way of burnishing the knowledge already obtained, and imbuing it with life and fire. Our insular temperament does not, I think, as a rule, lend itself to the *abandonment* which should characterize the true musical artist, and it is this absorbing ardour, this passionate devotion, which it will do us good to observe, if not to imitate, in our continental neighbours. The depth and the force and the culture may be in the student, but in six cases out of twelve our insular habit of restraint will be apt to constrict our powers. Hence, I consider that as a lesson in artistic temperament, a residence, or even a journey, abroad is conducive to great benefit.

Dr. Arnold says: "Study abroad and stay there."

Your question, "Should musical students go abroad for instruction?" is one of some difficulty, but on the whole I am inclined to recommend a course of foreign study in Germany.

In the first place, it is a much more musical country than England, and I believe them (the Germans) to be more conscientious in their general work; at the same time they appear to be imbued with a greater sense of the importance of music

as an art. With us it is too often a mercantile following, and used just as a source of amusement.

I have also a higher opinion of German criticism than of English. Our notices are generally most bewildering to any intelligent student, and misleading to the general public.

If a person has really a taste for the higher branches of the art, I should most certainly advise him to study abroad and remain there.

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T. W. E. writes from Leipzig.

The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC is looked for eagerly every month in Leipzig, and the discussion of the question, "Should musical students go abroad for instruction?" has aroused considerable interest among the students here. I am only too happy to be able, as a student of the Royal Conservatorium, to have my little say, and thank you for the opportunity you offer me of doing so. The only reasonable reply to your question is, in my humble opinion, an affirmative. The matter should be settled by facts rather than by arguments. How many leading musicians are there in England who have not studied abroad? Take the names of Sullivan, Cowen, Dannreuther, J. F. Barnett, Algernon Ashton, Walter Bache, Oscar Beringer, George Henschel and William Shakespeare; these, and many other eminent men (not to mention women, among whom I might name Fanny Davies, Helen Hopekirk, etc., etc.), were students of the Leipzig Conservatorium. Can any English School show such a roll of fame as this? Did not Villiers Stanford and Alexander Mackenzie "go abroad" for instruction? Why?

"A well-known vocalist" (I should like to make a guess at his identity) scores a grand point when he refers to the fact that students are actually sent from the great London Schools to Leipzig and other continental conservatoriums. Was not this actually the case with Arthur Sullivan? Although a scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, receiving instruction from such professors as Sterndale Bennett, and Goss, as soon as his voice broke and his services were no longer required at the Chapel Royal, "the committee" (so says Charles Willeby, in "Masters of English Music") "decided that it was time for him to go to Leipzig." (The italics are mine.)

Let any student come over here. Let him leave behind the cold restraint of England, and breathe the warm, artistic atmosphere of this grand old city—one of the very forcing-houses of real musical life—and he will find his heart glow, and his enthusiasm for his art kindle more brightly.

Some people will, no doubt, take what I say *cum grano salis*, and make all sorts of allowance for the ebullition of one who has not yet passed his pupilage. Well, let them. Being a student, I can only speak as a student. But one thing I know: your question, "Should musical students go abroad for instruction?" has been loudly and emphatically answered here in Leipzig, not only by myself, but by a whole army of those who can, at any rate, speak from experience; and that answer has been "YES!"

[I beg to acknowledge the kind and valuable co-operation of the ladies and gentlemen who have contributed to this discussion.—EDITOR.]



## Arditi's Reminiscences.

EVERYBODY knows Luigi Arditi, and Luigi Arditi seems to have known everybody worth knowing. The popular conductor has now got well into the seventies, and reminiscences being the order of the day, he has yielded to the prevailing fashion, and given us a volume—genial, chatty, egoistic, and full of more or less excellent anecdotes. Or rather, we should say, the Baroness von Zedlitz has given us the volume, for Arditi pathetically confesses that, after all these years amongst us, his English is little better than it was when he first left the land of macaroni. And so he has called in the aid of the Baroness as translator and editor, and the Baroness has her portrait placed in a prominent position in the book, and will, no doubt, be happy ever after.

There is a very good story to begin with, as illustrating Arditi's imperfect acquaintance with the English tongue. The incident occurred at one of the promenade concerts organised by Freeman Thomas. We give the tale in the Signor's own words. He says:

"We were disappointed at the eleventh hour one night by the absence of a soprano, and in my anxiety to fill the vacant place I glanced round the house to see if I could espy an artist who would fill her place. Mademoiselle de Lido, that charming Russian vocalist, was seated with her mother in a box, so I ran upstairs and begged her to help us out of our predicament. Woman-like, although she was willing to assist, she thought at once of her toilette, and said, 'How can I sing? I am not dressed.' I persuaded her to consent, however, and, in my pleasurable excitement at the good news, I hurried on to the platform to announce it to the public. Ere I bethought myself the words were out of my mouth. This is what I said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to say that, although Mdlle. de Lido has nothing on, she has kindly consented to sing in place of Miss X.'"

No wonder the lady received "a tremendous ovation" when she stepped on to the platform! Arditi seems to have had many queer experiences in America. He records, for example, that when he was at St. Louis with the company of Her Majesty's Opera, a man walked twenty miles in the hope of hearing Queen Victoria sing. At Cleveland, too, they did not want *La Sonnambula*, but *Pinafore*, suggesting that Mdlle. Marie Marimon should appear as Buttercup, "because every one in Cleveland knew Sullivan's music." Again, in America it is necessary to be identified at the bank before a cheque can be cashed. In New York the cashier stated that he did not know Arditi. "Have you ever been to the Opera?" asked the conductor. The reply was in the affirmative. "Then," retorted Arditi, turning round, taking off his hat and showing the back of his bald head, "look at that." The look was enough for identification.

The genial conductor tells in another place that he got bald very early, and thinking he would look better in a wig, he procured one. But he reckoned without Alboni, who was then with his company in America, and who was quite superstitious in the matter of wigs. She encountered Arditi with his artificial head-covering at a rehearsal, and it was the work of a moment for her to tear off the thatch and throw it to the other side of the room. Arditi says he never attempted to wear a wig after that. Rossini seems to have given him an indirect

hint on the matter. The conductor had rendered the composer some service, and Rossini seemed anxious to prove his gratitude in a material manner. But how to do it? Glancing round the room, he caught sight of some wigs on the chiffonier.

"I am sorry, Arditi," he exclaimed, "that I cannot give you an actual proof of my gratitude; but if you would like to possess one of my wigs, you can take any colour that you fancy would suit you." Rossini himself, we are told, wore a conspicuously ill-fitting and ugly-coloured red wig, and was clad in a very shabby, loose shooting jacket. Madame Arditi, writing to a friend after being introduced to him, irreverently described him as "the queerest-looking old thing" she had ever seen! Rossini's life, as Arditi remarks, verged almost on the ideal. He encountered no obstacles during his great career, and he lived in the keenest enjoyment of the pleasures which fame brought him. His happiness, too, was infectious: it was impossible to know him without seeing much that is joyous and mirth-moving in life, and his music reflects a corresponding joviality.

Arditi has had plenty of experience with famous singers, and some of his reminiscences in this connection are exceedingly interesting. He tells a story of Mapleson which illustrates the remarkable skill the impresario had in soothing infuriated artists:—A certain tenor who had made his *début* under Mapleson's management came to him one day in a towering rage, flourishing a daily paper in his hand and complaining bitterly of the manner in which his singing had been criticised by that journal. "It's shameful," cried the infuriated singer, "to have been maligned in this fashion. You, Mapleson, I know, have the greatest influence with all the newspapers in London. Can't you get this contradicted, or at least an apology tendered to me for this unpardonable insult? Not being known in London makes it all the harder for me, because nobody will care to hear me sing now. I am simply ruined." Mapleson at first assumed a pained expression, and looked thoughtful for a moment. Then a happy thought occurred to him, as it always did on such occasions. "Let me see what paper it is in," said he. The tenor then tore asunder the opening page of the *Daily Telegraph*, and thrust it into Mapleson's hands. "Good gracious!" said Mapleson. "Why, my dear boy, you're as safe as a trivet. I feared at first the notice might have appeared in an important paper, but nobody ever reads the *Daily Telegraph*, so you need not be in the least alarmed." There is, however, it may be added, another version of this story. A tenor (Campinini, we believe) came furiously to the manager to demand that he should challenge the writer of a severe criticism; but Mapleson calmed the irate singer by scornfully remarking, "Why make a fuss? It's only a penny paper." Arditi has, of course, a lot of gush about Patti. He first set eyes on Adelina in New York, when she and her mother came to his hotel to eat the macaroni prepared there by a celebrated Italian chef. Her "determined little airs and manners then already showed plainly that she was destined to become a ruler of men." Patti's mother was anxious that Arditi should hear the child sing, and so there was a meeting at his rooms one day. Adelina brought her doll, and declined to sing until she had

got a comfortable seat for it. But when she *did* sing!—ah! then Arditi “wept genuine tears of emotion, tears which were the outcome of the original and never-to-be-forgotten impression.” Arditi is enthusiastic about all his singers. Grisi was “absolutely and perfectly beautiful from the waist upwards” (where would he expect beauty to lie?), and Mario was “one of the handsomest fellows” you could wish to see. But they had their weaknesses too, these singers. Giuglini, who went mad like his father, was always mad on kites and fireworks. On the stage he would pretend to be flying a kite to hurry on Arditi, and when he travelled in the train with the company, he amused himself by letting off squibs out of the carriage windows. Titiens, again, had a great fancy for carrying about with her an enormous superfluity of luggage. She always had a room at her hotel for exclusive use as a *garde-robe*; and this led once to one of the company terrifying her to death by going into the room in her absence and stuffing out all the dresses. Madame Lablache had plenty of dresses too, and she often got into serious monetary scrapes by over-indulgence in this direction. On one occasion—it was in America—a famous dressmaker sued her for payment of a costly mantle she had chosen. When the case came on, she appeared in the witness-box, smiling and self-possessed. When asked to state her name, the judge, who had heard Madame Lablache sing in opera on the previous evening, of course recognised the eminent vocalist, and began to compliment her profusely on her voice and acting. Hereupon they entered into a lively

conversation which had nothing whatever to do with the case; and, to make a long story short, Madame Lablache so entirely fascinated the judge that she not only gained her case with costs, but sailed triumphantly out of the court, *wearing the identical cloak that had been the cause of the law-suit!* Arditi thinks this a capital joke; it certainly does not redound to the credit of the singer.

Our author has one or two excellent specimens of Irish humour. Describing the production of Verdi's *Macbeth* in Dublin, he gives us this quaint bit of Hibernian fun. In the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth, when the nurse and the doctor appear on the stage together and confabulate with one another, a loud voice suddenly called out from the gallery, causing a roar of laughter in the middle of a most serious scene, “Hullo, doctor, is it a boy or a girl?” When the conductor appeared in the orchestra there would be shouts of “Bravo, Arditi!” “Where's your wig?” and “How's the macaroni?” Even Madame Arditi, when she entered her box, was received with cheers “for all the little Arditi.” On one occasion Giuglini was interrupted in the middle of a song with roars of approval, and one enthusiastic Irishman shouted out, “Ah! begorra, and Mario's a fine singer, but sure we loike your singing best, and that's the truth.”

Such is the nature of Arditi's *Reminiscences*. The book is admirably illustrated with portraits and autographs of various kinds, and if it is somewhat thin in parts, it is, on the whole, a book that you will not go to sleep over.

## ❧ Mary Novello's Memories. ❧

IN these days everybody who is anybody writes reminiscences. It must be owned that the flow of autobiographies tends rather to increase than to diminish, and perhaps volumes are published which the world will not unwillingly allow to die. Yet the public relishes, and rightly relishes, details of uncommon or eventful lives when skilfully and agreeably set forth. Many readers will therefore extend a cordial welcome to the volume entitled, *My Long Life*, by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, which has just been published. It covers a long career, for the authoress numbers her years with Mr. Gladstone; and although there is in it a good deal that is irrelevant, and some things that are childish, it is of great interest to all who care to hear about the immortals in literature and music.

From her earliest days Mary Novello—for such was Mrs. Clarke—associated with celebrities. As a girl she talked to Charles Lamb, to Leigh Hunt and to John Keats. “I have even now a full recollection,” she writes, “of the reverent look with which I regarded John Keats as he leaned against the side of the organ, listening with rapt attention to my father's music.” She had also a peep at Shelley's “seraph-like face, with its blue eyes, and aureoled by its golden hair.” Leigh Hunt she adored. Carlyle tells how, at a grand soiree at Bath House, he saw his wife kiss the Duke of Wellington's shoulder. “That, perhaps,” he adds, “was one of the prettiest things I ever saw there.” With a like hero-worship Mary Novello quietly kissed Leigh Hunt's hand as it rested on the back of a sofa, because she had heard he was a poet. She had the high privilege of playing whist with Lamb, and once moved him to enthusiasm by declaring that she preferred “Barclay and Perkins' brewage to Whitbreads' or any other brewers' that I

had ever tasted.” There we have the genuine Lamb. He is equally characteristic in the avowal that he never stammered in telling a lie; only a humorist could afford to be so candid. To the general reader Mrs. Cowden Clarke is probably best known by her *Concordance to Shakespeare*. On the completion of this monumental work, Douglas Jerrold congratulated her in the remark: “On your first arrival in Paradise you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare, even though your husband should *happen* to be there.”

In these columns, however, we are specially interested in Mrs. Clarke's recollections of musical celebrities. Mendelssohn is perhaps the most notable of these. She met the composer for the first time at the house of her father, Vincent Novello, who, as the leading London music publisher, naturally gathered around him a select coterie of artists. Malibran was present on the occasion, and sang several times. After one of her efforts she went up to Mendelssohn and said: “You must play for me now I have sung for you.” The composer, nothing loth, allowed her to lead him to the piano, where he “dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other, and finally in combination.” When Mendelssohn had finished, Novello turned to a friend near him and said: “He has done some things that seem to me impossible, even after I have heard them done.” The musical soul of the host was indeed stirred to its depths, for next morning he produced a canon which he entitled, “A thanksgiving after enjoyment.” Mrs. Clarke met Mendelssohn later on at one of the Düsseldorf festivals. She had then the



rare privilege of hearing him sing, at a morning rehearsal, when he wanted to give the artist who was to sing the song in the evening a precise idea of how he wished a particular passage to be rendered. His voice, she tells us, was small, but capable of most musician-like expression. Mendelssohn was "Very companionable and easy in manner." On one occasion he invited our authoress to go with him to the public gardens and taste some "maitraule," a Rhenish beverage with which she was unacquainted. He was much amused when she declared it to be "nice, innocent stuff," and warned her not to imagine it "too innocent."

Another musician who used to call on the Novello household when he was in London, was Hummel. Like Mendelssohn he was great in improvisation. Indeed so symmetrical, correct and mature in construction was his playing on these occasions that, as Novello's musical friend, Charles Stokes, observed, "You might count the time to every bar he played while improvising." In 1834 the Westminster Abbey festival took place. Vincent Novello was engaged to preside at the organ, and his daughter Clara, Miss Stephens, and other vocalists of note, were the singers. Mrs. Clarke remembers Miss Stephens saying just before she rose for one of her solos :

"Any young girl I knew, however great her excellence in singing might be, I would never advise to enter the profession if she suffered from nervousness. I have never got over that which I feel when I have to sing before the public." We suspect that a large majority of singers could still say the same. Indeed, is not nervousness inseparable from the artistic temperament?

Of course we hear from Mrs. Clarke a good deal about the various members of the Novello family, notably about Clara Novello, who, it seems, notwithstanding her advanced age, still retains her old charm of voice. This once popular vocalist was but three years old when she surprised her parents by singing the tune of *Di tanti palpiti* after hearing it played on a street organ. She was singing the leading airs of Handel and Mozart before she had the heart to part with her doll; and when her father took her as a candidate to the entrance examination of the Academy for Church Music in Paris, she had to be placed on a stool in order that the umpires might see her. But these and many other things about the music publisher's gifted family, are they not already recorded by our authoress in the *Life and Labours of Vincent Novello*, for all who care to read?



## Organ and Choir.



**Bach's Remains.** THE junior editors of our contemporary, the *Organist and Choirmaster*, have had a little holiday on the Continent, and naturally they come back to tell us all about it. In the course of their wanderings they landed at Leipzig, and had an interesting time visiting the scene of Bach's labours at the Thomas Kirche. The great choir gallery, we learn, is deep and wide enough to contain a band and chorus of several hundred performers. Above it towers the organ, which is similar in outward aspect to the actual instrument played upon by Bach, and which, indeed, contains many of the old pipes that existed in his day. The news of the so-called discovery of Bach's remains, will be fresh in the minds of our readers. It seems that at present these remains are deposited in the Leipzig University, and "casts have been made which will enable an absolutely life-like statue to be reared in memory of the greatest musician the world has ever seen." Our editors tell us that when the coffin was found the inscription on the plate was "happily, still legible, and left no room for doubt as to its authenticity." The reports at the time of the alleged discovery certainly indicated that there was no inscription on the coffin, and doubts were expressed as to the remains being Bach's at all.

**Scotson Clarke.** Our contemporary, by the way, finds it necessary to let a correspondent appeal to its readers for the name of the publishers of Scotson Clarke's *Marches for the organ*. This shows better than anything the conservative leanings of the editorial trio. Scotson Clarke's organ music, to be sure, is not classical; but the editors of a Church musical paper who do not know where it is published do not know their business.

**Amateur Choirmasters.** There has been a newspaper discussion on Church music in Ulster, and the following story belongs to it:—"A certain choir in the diocese of Connor, wishing to improve the character of its music, decided upon engaging the services of a professional musician to train them in the art of singing; not 'a good-natured clergyman,' but a man 'who made his entire living by the exercise of his art.' Under his direction the choir were practising the *Te Deum*, when the man of notes stopped them peremptorily. 'Stop, stop,' he said, 'you have made a tremendous mistake. You said, O-lee, o-lee, o-lee. You ought to

say, O-lie, o-lie, o-lie.'" This "man of notes" must be a close relation of the curate, who, rehearsing the Hallelujah Chorus, enjoined his choristers to hold on to the "lu."

**Dykes' Hollingside.** There is a little mistake in the interesting article on Dykes in last month's issue. Mr. Jones says that the tune for "Jesu, Lover of my soul" was named "Hollingside," after a little country-place not far from the city of Durham, where Dykes occasionally visited. The fact is that Hollingside Cottage was Dykes' first house, into which he married, I think, in 1850. The tune was composed there, as his sister tells us, one Sunday evening in the deepening twilight. Miss Dykes has quite recently published a little book called *Personal Memories*, in which a good deal that is interesting about the hymn-tune composer will be found.

**Fun in the Choir.** During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep. "Now's your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass. "I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm," remarked the boy who pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartet. Such is a recent specimen of American "humour." Trio, try again, is all I would say.

**The Organist's Difficulties.** Mr. Harrison M. Wild, a well-known American organist, sets himself to answer the question why organ recitals are not as technically flawless as the recitals of good pianists usually are. To most people who know anything of the matter the answer is plain enough. Pianos are practically all the same all the world over; organs are not. Moreover, an organ is much more liable to be disturbed by accident during a performance than a piano is. How would any great pianist be affected were the sustaining damper to remain open? How would Paderewski like to have a key or two sticking down all the time? Concert pianists demand position of keyboard, depth of touch, resistance of key, tone power and tone sustainment, height of stool and other things before they submit a performance by which they are willing to be judged. When the organist can be sure of having all these things, then perhaps we shall have performances within a measure of perfection.



## Our Contemporaries.



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IN the *Musical Times*, Mr. Frederic Corder has the first of a series of important articles dealing with Wagner's methods.

Mr. Corder is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, and in this article he pleads strongly for a more general recognition of the claims of his hero. It is surely time, he remarks, that Wagner were allowed to take his hard-won seat among the immortals without any more of the childish and futile opposition which continues to be exhibited by some even in the present day. Let us have peace, and let us acknowledge Richard Wagner as a classic—an artist not only to be honoured, but to be quoted as an authority, and imitated as a model in all theoretical and practical points which have to do with dramatic composition. After making this appeal, Mr. Corder goes on to glance at the development of Wagner's genius in the matter of melody, leaving the question of his harmony, counterpoint, and form, for another paper. He points out that Wagner's intellect developed early, and his æsthetic feeling ripened slowly; his early musical productions follow existing models with wonderful cleverness, but are deficient in feeling and charm. Mr. Corder accounts for this by saying that his power of choice in the selection of alternatives was slight at first. In none of his works until *Lohengrin* do we find much natural ease in the melodic phrases. Two points of the nature of mannerisms in Wagner's melody are dwelt upon. One is his well-known tendency to over-employ the turn or *gruppetto*. You find it in the first bar of his first-known composition; you find it in nearly every broad melody from *Rienzi's* prayer to the appeal of *Amfortas*; but in the later works it must be said that he draws a wealth of beauty from this stale old ornament by raising it to the dignity of an actual melodic phrase. The other mannerism, not so obvious, is a tendency to use for those important phrases from which he evolves his musical material, so many similar progressions, notably one leaping down and returning to the next note. Wagner's special feature, indeed, is the bold skip, a feature which can never fail to arrest attention; but if used frequently in the same manner, it is apt to convey to the superficial listener the idea that the composer is deficient in inventive resource. Concluding his paper, Mr. Corder asks in what way Wagner may be said to have advanced the art of melody? The answer is, firstly, in the manner in which he builds up melody of any desired character and expressiveness out of a given phrase. This, which Schumann did once or twice as a kind of *tour de force*, and which Liszt strove incessantly and vainly to accomplish, is, for Wagner, the easiest feat imaginable. His other innovation, which is not even yet acceptable to all ears, is to employ the chromatic scale of twelve equal semitones as a basis for melody instead of the diatonic scale. The whole of the music to *Tristan* would be impossible under the old laws; and it is a constant wonder to Mr. Corder how singers trained upon diatonic scales can sing many passages of the kind referred to with anything approaching bearable intonation.—Mr. Joseph Bennett continues, I observe, to be largely dependent on the provincial musical reporter and the printer's boy. Mr. Jacques' editorial pencil should really go through all such rubbish.

The *Musical Herald* leads off with an extraordinary interview with Mr. Henry Davey, the author of a recent "History of English Music" (published at the *Herald* office). Mr. Davey's statement that John Dunstable "invented" polyphony was ridiculed in a good many of the reviews of his work; now he turns round and says that not a single one of his opponents in this matter seems to know anything about it! Moreover, "not a single one of the really adverse criticisms of the History was written by a musician." Poor Mr. Fuller Maitland! Asked if he is an organist, Mr. Davey answers: "No, I do not care for the instrument, nor for the work. To a musician who specially values and culti-

vates detailed phrasing, minute accent, and variety of touch the organ is antipathetic. I remember hearing Reinecke say he could not see that the church organ was at all a more artistic instrument than the barrel organ, and I have a little of that feeling." Then Schumann was quite wrong when he enjoined the musician to "lose no opportunity of practising on the organ"? In a short interview with Mr. T. A. Wallworth, an old professor at the R.A.M., that gentleman tells that as a young vocalist he desired to be present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852. Sir John Goss, in response to his request, said: "If you still wear your mustachios, I must ask you to go up into the gallery with Henry Phillips, but if you are shaven you can put on a surplice and join the choir in procession." In order to get on the floor of the Cathedral, Mr. Wallworth called on his barber, and thus he may truly be said to have got in by a shave. What a curious piece of evidence in regard to the prejudices of fashion!

The *Musical Record* opens with an article on musical London in the fifties, which is really a belated notice of Mr. Kuhe's "Musical Recollections." The moral of the article is aimed at "the present-day arduous and impetuous spirits who grumble almost without ceasing at the backwardness of things musical in this country." Mr. Shedlock has a paper describing a visit to Sir Frederick Ouseley's library at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, but the article takes rather too much the nature of a mere catalogue to make very interesting reading. The collecting of old music and works on music had always been a passion with Ouseley; and one is not surprised to learn that many volumes are stowed away in cupboards and cases about the building for want of room in the "study" itself. A special room ought really to be erected, so that the treasures might be properly displayed and set in suitable order. Then with the catalogue—begun by Dr. Jebb—completed, and the books properly press-marked, the library would present a memorial worthy of the generous founder, besides proving of inestimable value to all who were permitted to use it. Schumann once pointed out in regard to Gade that his name was of musical promise, inasmuch as the four letters stood for the four strings of the violin. In the same way, Mr. Shedlock remarks that Ouseley's initials were also of musical augury since they spell the name Fago, an Italian composer of some note, and the teacher of Leonardo Leo. But who hears of Fago in these days? The melody of the Thuringian Volkslied, "Ach! wie ist's möglich dann," is almost as well known in this country as in Germany, and a good many people probably take it for a real tune of the "good old times." They will be surprised to learn, on the authority of the *Record*, that it was the composition of Georg Heinrich Lux, organist of Ruhla, born February 2, 1779, died January 16, 1861, to whose memory a tablet has just been put up in the churchyard of Gotha.

The *Orchestral Association Gazette* is vexed about the way in which the theatre band is usually treated by press, public, and management. The latter, it is true, generally refer to the players as the *gentlemen* of the orchestra, but our contemporary doubts whether the management really regards them as such. Indeed the management would seem in too many cases to look upon the orchestra as a necessary evil. In some theatres efforts are made to hide the music altogether or partially from view, a result obtained in one or two cases by sinking the orchestra several feet below the level of the stalls, in other cases by locating it in a kind of cellar beneath the footlights. In one peculiar instance the players are hidden away in what might easily be mistaken at a first glance for a wild beast's cage, but which is in reality a pit-like enclosure having curtains in front, which by some mechanical means are drawn aside and closed with the fall and rise of the act-drop.



Now our friend the *Gazette* wants to have an end of this kind of thing. The orchestra must be put on the right level, and its members must not only be termed gentlemen, but be treated as such. And in order that the latter desideratum may be attained, our contemporary thoughtfully draws up a code of morals for the orchestral player. He must not use bad language; indeed he must not use language of any kind during a performance. He is not to give "audible vent to expressions of criticism"; nor, if he should venture to laugh at a stage joke, must he prolong his merriment after everybody else has finished. The very putting together and tuning of his instrument can be effected in a gentlemanly or offensive fashion; and so "with every small action from the entering to leaving the orchestra." If after this the members of our theatre orchestras are not seen to have attained the pink of perfection in manners, they will deserve to burn by slow fires. In another part of the *Gazette* there is a little anecdote which will come in very pat. Here it is: Conversation overheard at the "Proms," between two people of the bank-clerk persuasion (with the Sunday suits on).

*First Johnnie* (pointing): "See that fellow up there?"

*Second Johnnie*: "Which one?"

*First Johnnie* (pointing to young violoncello player, silver-medallist R.A.M.): "Number four from the end."

*Second Johnnie*: "Yes."

*First Johnnie*: "He looks a respectable sort of chap to be playing in a band, don't he?"

The subject of *The Lute's* biography and portrait is Miss Beatrice Langley, who is described as "the most prominent lady violinist of the day," and "the finest violinist (male or female) of her age whom we have ever heard." Miss Langley is a native of Chudleigh, in Devonshire, her father having been a distinguished officer in the Royal Artillery. Beginning to play at the age of five, she was content to study quietly and rationally at home until at the age of twelve she became a pupil of Mr. Ludwig, with whom she remained for seven or eight years. Subsequently she embraced the opportunity which his presence in England afforded of placing herself under the tuition of Herr Wilhelmj. With his aid she "conquered in a short time the last difficulties and technicalities of her instrument—in other words, she became what she is now: a violinist for whom the most difficult piece of created music has no terrors, and the ordinary *morceaux* affected by her sex are mere child's play. She plays with ease works by Paganini, that are not attempted except by Burmester." Miss Langley is about to leave England for a tour in the States with Albani and party. Our contemporary declares that she suffers in London from two disadvantages: first, because she was not "made in Germany"; and second, because she is a lady! This is the first time I have heard that it is a disadvantage to a musician being a lady. Returning to a discussion of the vocalists' vulgar habit of dwelling *ad libitum* upon high notes, *The Lute* remarks that the male vocalist—the lady vocalist is of course impeccable—is as vain as he is conceited. He is usually much concerned with his personal appearance, and oftentimes he imagines that not a few of Beauty's Eyes are watching him while he narrowly escapes bursting a blood-vessel in the endeavour to tire out his accompanist's patience. Poor fellow! Did he but know that during these palpitating moments he commonly looked more like a boiled owl in a fit than anything else, he would make other arrangements. Could he but guess that he was engendering fatigue among the non-musical and disgust among the musical, he would be more anxious to curtail the vibrations of his vocal chords and less eager to expose his tonsils. *The Lute* must really look after its printer's boy, otherwise Mr. Joseph Bennett will be on his track. The eminent French organist would hardly recognise himself as "Guillemant," and Dr. "Pearce" is assuredly unknown at Glasgow Cathedral.

*Musical Opinion* breaks out upon a variety of fraudulent "popular" song which has not been detected, exposed and condemned nearly so much as it deserves to be. This is the song that makes a great success, the copies selling by their thousands, but which,

instead of being the new and "original" masterpiece that it claims to be, is but at bottom an old national ballad tune, cunningly transformed, paraphrased, and generally "transmogrified" into its present shape. There are some two or three well-known musicianly "hands"—one especially of great renown—who has acquired some considerable dexterity at this sort of work. Their adaptations are certainly pleasing in the result; but the thing altogether is so facile and so peculiarly *musico-humbuggy*,—if we may coin and be permitted such a term. The greater wonder is that no one seems to find these gilded writers out and bring them to book. A critic may be very stringent with works of less accredited composers, but let a piece of this kind once gain the public ear, and the said critic as a rule endorses the popular verdict without a thought apparently of the underlying fraud that he is thus helping to encourage and sustain. The question is, why does not our contemporary, which has apparently found those "gilded writers" out, name the "well-known musicianly hands," especially the one of "great renown"? Who is *he*?—How many excellent stories have been told of the organ-blower! Here is one from the *Opinion*. It was a pupil who was practising, and the bellows was being blown by a half-witted boy. By the way, the psychologist should tell us why bellows-blowers, while powerful in physical force, are generally deficient on the mental side. But to our story. Well, this pupil, a lady, was much troubled over a hymn-tune she was practising; and after much stumbling, a head popped round the corner, and the youth said: "You don't seem to get on well with that toon, mum! Could you do it better if I was to whistle it over to you fust?" The organ was promptly closed, and the pupil went in search of another blower!

The *Nonconformist Musical Journal* has an interesting article on the history of "Adeste Fideles," which we shall all be singing—those of us at any rate who go to church—before many weeks are over. Unfortunately the writer of the article has no new discovery to proclaim to us in connection with the origin of this famous hymn-tune. Vincent Novello attributed the composition to a certain John Reading, but although the question has often been raised in *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere, nobody has discovered the tune among the works of any of the Readings, nor has it been ascertained at what time or in what form it was first printed. Novello was organist of the Portuguese Chapel in London from 1792 to 1822; and as "O come, all ye faithful" was much used there, it came to be known generally by the title of the Portuguese Hymn. The misfortune is that we do not know the ground for Novello's ascription. Could Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Novello's daughter, not tell us something about the matter?—A disconsolate correspondent of the *Journal* asks why it is that organists should be supposed to need no holidays? He is likely to wait a long time for an answer. Public companies are supposed to be destitute of conscience: diaconates are no doubt in similar straits. One of our contemporary's contributors seems, however, to have had a holiday; for he declares that after coming from the country you have only to make a round of the underground railway to get thoroughly disgusted with London.

Mr. F. H. Cowen contributed recently to the *Musical Courier* an amusing fancy interview with the composer of the future. The interviewer's only way of catching him is to follow him on his bicycle. The composer rides fast, but fortunately has a spillo, which enables the interviewer to overtake him. The composer, who says his rule is not to be interviewed more than three times a week, then proposes that they shall talk as they ride along. The machine is fitted with a folding desk, and he utilises the descent of a long hill for shutting his eyes, and developing any serious musical thought which occurs to him. The composer explains that he is at work upon a symphony for the stage in forty scenes, depicting the whole of English history. The actors have little to do but stand on the stage and look nice, the orchestra does the work, and in the final scene the entire audience are to sing from vocal parts. As the performance of the symphony is rather

long, the theatre will include an hotel, where they will be boarded and lodged during the performances. The interviewer learns that the condition of music in England is entirely satisfactory. Foreign musicians are not listened to. Concert programmes are filled with English compositions, conducted by English conductors. The music halls are deserted, nothing but serious songs are played and sung in the drawing-room, while composers receive £500 for each symphony, and a heavy royalty on every performance, while the smallest town in England plays several each week. The interviewer is just about to ask the composer what was his favourite food when he was a baby, who makes his clothes, who is his banker, and whether he can possibly lend him £5, when he spurts forward and escapes.

A long and interesting letter from Frau Cosima Wagner is printed in a recent issue of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*. It is addressed to two gentlemen named v. Muncker and v. Seckendorf, of whom we know nothing, but we should suppose them to be influential members of the Wagner-Verein. The courteous tone and grateful expressions of this letter are all that could be desired; but those who would like to find any admission that there has been any imperfection in this year's performances, or any expression of an intention to try to do anything different next year, will be disappointed. Mme. Wagner passes everything in review, and pronounces it all very good—even the costumes of Freia and the Rhine Daughters. It will also be noticed, with regret in many quarters, that though a very large number of Germans, of various classes, are thanked by name for their assistance, those who are non-Germans are briefly dismissed in one paragraph without the mention of one name. Evidently, the

exclusion of foreigners is to be persisted in as far as possible. Of course, in performances so obviously intended to be national as those of the Festspielhaus, a large predominance of Germans is to be expected—and even desired; but when in default of competent native artists, beginners who have only had a year or two of experience at a training school are thrust into leading parts, and when artists of world-wide reputation are rejected to make way for young artists who have no other recommendation than their nationality, impartial observers may well doubt whether Bayreuth is acting wisely in its own interests. Then, again, there is the significant fact that neither Frau Wagner's letter nor the letter of Dr. Richter defending Siegfried Wagner has been inserted in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, the editor of which, Herr Lessmann, is one of the oldest and most enthusiastic champions of the Wagner cause. The comparatively small attendance of Germans at this year's performances is also a notable sign. All these things point to "a rift within the lute," which seems to require immediate and judicious treatment.—We have generally been given to believe that Tschaiakowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique* (No. 6) was his last composition. This seems to have been denied in the journal from which Madame Wagner's letter is taken. It is there stated that the composer's last orchestral work was a Symphonic Poem, *Wojewoda*, after a Ballade from the Ukraine, by Mickiewicz. It is related that on its being performed, under the direction of the composer, at a concert given by the eminent Russian pianist, A. Siloti, at Moscow, in 1891, it was so coldly received that the composer in his rage tore up the score. M. Siloti recognising its musical worth and originality, took possession of the band parts, and has reconstructed the score, which, it is added will shortly be published.

## Further Talk to Students of the Clarinet.

THE clarinet is undoubtedly one of the most popular and valuable of the wood wind instruments. Its rich and beautiful quality of tone, and the fact that it can be played with so much expression, make it, in addition to being so important in the orchestra, and to its taking the place of the violins in a military band, a most satisfactory instrument for an amateur to take up. It can be played so delicately that nothing can be more charming with a pianoforte accompaniment. Then again, a clarinet is always sure of being welcomed into the amateur orchestra. Besides that, the player can take a part in quartets and quintets for wind instruments. For solo playing, the clarinet in B flat is recommended, as the greater number of pieces with piano accompaniment are written for it. It is also this clarinet which is mostly used in the orchestra.

The clarinet was first brought into use by a maker of stringed instruments, John Christopher Denner, of Nuremberg, in the year 1690.

The instrument is not yet perfect in its construction; there are still experiments and patents which are being introduced. One of the latest patents is that of the "James Clinton Combination Clarinet," a splendid improvement, and one which has been wanted for a number of years, especially by those who have constantly to change from the B flat to the A clarinet, and *vice versa*. With the "Combination" we have both of these in one. When the player wants to change from B flat to A, all he has to do is to pull out the slides or joints at the mouthpiece and bell, and he has the A clarinet. There can be little doubt that in the near future the Clinton Combination Clarinet will take the lead.

Up to recent years clarinets were made from boxwood, the joints and bell being ornamentally mounted with ivory rings. The keys were made of various kinds of metal, silver being used on special occasions, the mouthpiece being mostly of ebony, but

instead of the reed being fixed by the ligature, like that of the present day, the performer was put to the trouble of fixing his reed with several lengths of thin cord or thread, bound tightly round the mouthpiece. The instrument also possessed awkward looking blocks, bored with holes; whereas at the present time graceful-looking keys take their place. Clarinets have been manufactured out of several kinds of material, such as gutta-percha, various kinds of woods, also a composition into which india-rubber was largely introduced, ivory, and even metal. It was the writer's luck a few years ago to possess one of the old-time clarinets, made entirely of brass, and in one piece from mouthpiece to bell. It was dated as far back as 1790, and had been in use in one of the regiments of that time. Clarinets of the present day are mostly made from cocus wood or ebony. The latter is preferred, as being less likely to crack. The number of keys has also been increased. We can now count as many as twenty-one, and even more on the Boehm system. The clarinet player will do well to compare the facilities these keys afford him as compared with the clarinet of former years, in which there were only six and eight keys.

Students of the clarinet are generally less fortunate than those of other instruments as regards the correct position of the hands. The teacher of the violin or piano generally devotes a special lesson to the correct placing of the hands. When this has been accomplished, he considers that a most important part of the student's study has been gained. This method should be more generally adopted with teachers of wind instruments. In holding the clarinet, the hands should fall in a natural position. Before putting the instrument to the mouth, it should be held so that the little finger of the right hand may glide easily from C in the third space to the key making E flat in the fourth space. The best way for testing a correct position of the left hand is to make a trill on



C sharp without using the patent C sharp key. By following these two rules the student will gain a correct position of the hands.

In my last article on the clarinet I mentioned the three different kinds of reeds that are in use, namely, hard, medium, and soft. The "Pax" reeds, made by Messrs. Besson & Sons, are the best for tone and durability, especially in the top register. The performer with a hard reed will find it to his advantage, before commencing to play, to take it off the mouthpiece, and place it between the lips for about ten minutes. In this way the reed becomes moistened, and does its duty with much better results, especially if it has been locked up in a case for two or three days. The per-

former who chooses a soft reed has no occasion to adopt this plan, as it gets moistened only too soon.

A word or two as to the way in which a clarinet should be kept. It must be kept clean. I have known players put their instruments away just as they have been using them. This is a bad practice. The wood may crack and the keys get rusty. In all cases every joint should be thoroughly dried, special attention being paid to the mouthpiece. The reed should be taken off, and the cleaner put through two or three times, afterwards drying the reed with a piece of rag. This should be repeated after every performance. By following out these rules, the student will always have his instrument clean, and ready for immediate use.

JAMES W. DRIFFIELD.

## Selected Subjects.

### EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

THE valuable series of lectures delivered by Dr. Gladstone before the Royal College of Organists last spring has just been published. Speaking of examination papers, Dr.

Gladstone says in effect that the questions put to students are not always free from ambiguity, and that certain students almost always contrive to misunderstand some of them. We quite agree. The following question was propounded in an examination paper some ten years ago: "When a regiment is marching with the band playing, do the soldiers' legs all move at the same time?" Dr. Gladstone describes as "foolishly facetious" the answer of a candidate who replied: "The soldiers' legs obviously cannot all move together, because the left legs move at one time, and the right legs at another." But this was a very good answer to the question as framed. What the examiner wanted was that candidates should show their acquaintance with the fact that sound takes an appreciable time to travel, and that therefore while all were marching to the music as it reached them, the feet of the soldiers in the rear would strike the ground later than those of the soldiers immediately behind the band. But the answer to the mere question: "When a regiment is marching, do the soldiers' legs all move at the same time?" is, shortly, "No"; and that whether forty bands be playing or only one.

### A PADEREWSKI STORY.

Somebody in Dresden has heard a pretty little story of Paderewski. A young American girl was anxious to have the eminent pianist's autograph, but lacked audacity to ask him for it herself. A younger sister felt no such shyness, and one day, coming home from her music lesson, violin tucked under her arm, and accompanied by a brother a year or two older than herself and another not past the baby stage of long curls, the nine-year-old child called at Paderewski's hotel, and naively told the porter she wanted the great man's signature. The porter handed her on to the secretary, who looked at the trio with interest, took the album, and promised to secure the autograph. Interested in the description of them, Paderewski gave orders that when the three children returned they were to be shown up into his room. Unfortunately, the two elder ones had to go alone the next day, as the little boy had caught cold. When they were ushered into his room, Paderewski looked at them with almost an air of disappointment, and said, "But where is the little boy with the long flaxen curls?" and to the girl, "Where is your violin? I thought you would have played to me!" He told them about his invalid boy in Paris, chatted brightly with them, and then handed back the album with his signature in it. Whereupon the girl pulled out a meagre little note-book, which she dignified by the name of her diary, containing such entries as: "Spent 4½¢ in chocolates; pulled the cat's tail and he scratched me," etc., and gravely handed it to the great man,

and asked him to write his name in it. To the child's unspeakable delight he sat down and wrote; "Yours sincerely, Paderewski!" Bidding the children good-bye, he said, "Now, I travel a great deal; remember if ever you come to a town where I am playing, you are to be sure and come to see me, and don't forget to bring the violin with you, and we will play together." The children rushed home in a state of the wildest excitement, and certainly will never forget the great pianist's reception of them or his gracious invitation.

### MUSIC AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has an exceedingly interesting article dealing with this subject in a recent number of *The Century*. The choir of St. Peter's, he tells us, is a body of musicians quite independent of the so-called "Pope's Choir," which is properly termed the "Choir of the Sistine Chapel," and which is paid by the Pope himself. No musical instruments are ever used in the Sistine. In St. Peter's, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two whole tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ-builder is in attendance at every service to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to "cypher," and the pedal trackers unhook themselves unexpectedly. If the canons should ever think of having a new organ tuned to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great; for the music is all written for the existing instrument, and could not be performed two notes higher. The music sung in St. Peter's is never rehearsed or practised. It is all in manuscript, and is never allowed in any musician's hand except while he is actually performing it. At a moment's notice the organist and about one hundred singers are called upon to execute a florid piece of music which many of them have never seen or heard; the accompaniment is played at sight from a mere figured bass on the tumble-down instrument just described, and the singers' parts are, as likely as not, written on thumbled bits of manuscript green with age. It is no wonder that such music is sometimes bad.

### DRESS AND INSPIRATION.

There is a story about Wagner wanting some flamingo feathers before he could obtain sufficient inspiration to finish the flower-maiden scene in *Parsifal*. The disciples of the master, of course, don't believe it; but to such doubters, and to readers in general, we commend the following: "No composer," we read, "was more eccentric than Richard Wagner. The caller who was unaware of one of his peculiarities might suffer a mild shock; for on entering the room where his visitor was seated, Wagner would throw the door wide open before him, as if it were fit that his approach should be heralded like that of a king, and he would stand for a

moment on the threshold, a curious mediæval figure in a frame. The mystified visitor, rising from his seat, would behold a man richly clad in a costume of velvet and satin, like those of the early Tudor period, and wearing a bonnet such as are seen in portraits of Henry VI.—his composing costume. Alexander Dumas, calling upon him, made some good-humoured remark about his own ignorance of music; but his pleasantries were listened to with such a smileless stolidity that he went home in a huff, and wrote his contemptuous protest against 'Wagnerian din—inspired by the riot of cats scampering in the dark about an ironmonger's shop.' On the day before this protest was printed Wagner returned Dumas's visit, and was kept waiting half an hour in an ante-room. Then the author of the 'Three Guardsmen' marched in, superbly attired in a plumed helmet, a cork life-belt and a flowered dressing gown. 'Excuse me for appearing in my working dress,' he said majestically. 'Half my ideas are lodged in this helmet, and the other half in a pair of jack-boots which I put on to compose love scenes.'

#### EUGEN D'ALBERT REPENTANT.

Considering the controversy that has raged for some time regarding D'Albert's alleged opinions of England as a musical country, the following letter addressed to Mr. Schulz - Curtius will be read with interest. The communication runs: "Having returned from the country which I had not seen since my youth,

I feel I must communicate to you the impressions that I received there. I may at once say that I have been charmed in the highest degree with my stay in England, and I regret all the more that some opinions that I had formerly published should have been wrongly understood. As I have seen from newspaper reports, some people seem to think that I had been harbouring an antipathy against the English public; to tell the truth, I had never had an opportunity of getting thoroughly acquainted with a British audience, and nothing, therefore, could have been further from my thoughts than to pass judgment. The views that I gave expression to were solely directed against the system of Musical Training then in vogue which happily seems to be quite altered at present. Now, however, I have had an opportunity, not only of getting acquainted with England and the British public, but I have also learnt to appreciate and love them. England I have found a free and enviable country, and the people most warm-hearted and judicious, and I owe my sincerest thanks to them for the brilliant reception accorded to me. My experiences this time have been of so happy a nature that all former sad memories have vanished, and I shall always return with pleasure to England, which has won my fullest sympathy." There is no doubt a touch of self-interest about this confession of repentance. When Joseph found that there was corn in Egypt, he would never have thought of traducing the Egyptians. At the same time D'Albert can hardly have failed to get some sense from his years.

## ✦ The Viola-Alta, ✦

### AND ITS INTRODUCTION INTO ENGLAND.

—:o:—

**N**O more opportune moment could be found for a dissertation on the Viola-Alta than the present. One of its leading exponents has arrived amongst us, and has opened a concert campaign, the object of which is to introduce this instrument into England and permanently establish it as a substitute for our present Viola. The short interview with Herr Balling, which I here reproduce, will, I hope, be effective in securing for him a good reception in London.

One hears a good deal about "the characteristic tone" of the Viola, but few will deny that its tone is lacking in brilliancy and is nasal and in many ways unsatisfactory. We would show, I fear, scant respect for a contralto voice whose chief characteristic was a nasal tone. Yet, in my opinion, there would be nothing more objectionable in that than in the corresponding instrument. Again, it must be admitted that the viola, in ordinary use, has never been a success as a solo instrument. These and similar reflections caused Hermann Ritter (a professor in the Conservatorium of Würzburg) to devote much time and thought to the subject. The fruits of this study was the appearance of the first "Viola-Alta," constructed by Karl Adam Härlein in Würzburg, from designs supplied by Herr Ritter. Simultaneously with the instrument appeared a short treatise on the subject from Herr Ritter's pen. I may mention here that Ritter followed out the chief principles of Bagatella's prize essay on Violin Construction. Meanwhile, the inventor (or regenerator as he modestly calls himself) had been winning golden opinions for his instrument, and carrying all before him—touring in Germany, Russia, Holland, etc. His success was absolute and instantaneous. Not only was the new Viola-Alta infinitely superior in quality of tone, but was also capable of producing any gradation, from the most delicate *pianissimo* to a full round *fortissimo*; and, best of all, was admitted by all to be eminently successful as a solo instrument. It received recognition from many of the greatest musicians, including Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein and Bülow. Herr Ritter having got his instrument fairly recognised all over the Continent, returned to Würzburg, where he founded a "Viola-Alta" School. Oddly enough the only mention of the new

instrument in English (to my knowledge) is by E. J. Payne, in the article on Tenor Violins in "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." It is there dismissed with the following words: "Mr. Hermann Ritter, a tenor player, resident in Heidelberg, in ignorance of the fact that a large tenor was in use for more than a century, and was abandoned as impracticable, claims a tenor of monstrous proportions as an invention of his own." As I have already pointed out, Herr Ritter has in his book time and again modestly spoken of himself as the "Regenerator." The objection on the point of size has been brought forward by various people; but I think they are best answered with a quotation from Concertmeister Ed. Herrmann. After pointing out the indisputable advantages of the new Viola, he turns to the matter of size. He says, "One hears much about the extreme size of the Viola-Alta, and the difficulties arising therefrom. But it is seldom that we meet with a musician who, from personal observation, is able to furnish one with certainty on this point. . . . That the instrument is quite playable is most effectively proved by the inventor."

The greatest opinion of its capacity and future seems to have been held by Wagner, who not only spoke highly of it, but introduced it into his Bayreuth orchestra at the first festival. It has held its position and maintained its reputation at Bayreuth ever since. The following is from a letter of Wagner's to Herr Ritter:—"I am convinced that with the general introduction of the Viola-Alta into our orchestra, not only will the intentions of those composers, who until now have had to satisfy themselves with the ordinary Viola, (although purposing, for the *Cantables (für den Gesang)* the tone of the true Viola-Alta,) be brought out in their true light; but also that in the entire treatment of the String Quartet an important and very advantageous change may be anticipated." Surely this, coming from Wagner, and followed by the introduction of the Viola-Alta into the Bayreuth orchestra, is a testimonial of no little value.

Now although the renovated Viola-Alta does present more difficulty to the player than the ordinary Viola, the advantages to be gained are very great, and more than repay the study. And



after all, if our conductors create a demand for Viola-Alta players, the supply will soon be forthcoming. Being in use in several of the most important Continental orchestras, it might certainly have a fair trial here.

Herr Michael Balling, who comes to us as the exponent of the new instrument, was a pupil of Herr Ritter's at Würzburg, where his success was very marked. After winning a scholarship at the Conservatorium, he was chosen, at the early age of fourteen for the Viola-Alta (one further proof that the point of size is not a great drawback). At eighteen we find him already leader of the town orchestra at Mayence, rapidly working his way to the front. When just twenty, Balling had the honour of playing with Rubinstein at Frankfort, on which occasion Rubinstein spoke in glowing terms of the young artist and of the Viola-Alta. Success following success, we find him the following year—as leader of the violas—at Bayreuth. This honourable and enviable position he retained for three successive festivals. Never letting the grass grow under his feet, and full of enthusiasm, we find him seeking new fields for his conquests, and touring with his Viola-Alta in Germany and Russia.

Such was the life of this young artist until 1893—roving about; playing here, there, and everywhere; always opening up new fields for the Viola-Alta, and, be it said, with unqualified success on all sides. In 1893 an invitation came to Herr Balling from Nelson, New Zealand, to proceed there and promote musical education in that colony. Such a call suited the tastes and wishes of our young artist, and he was not long in accepting the invitation.

This step necessitated a good deal of hard work, but that came easy to one whose temperament had the elements of enthusiasm, and also a love of travel and adventure. In spite of the hard work, Herr Balling found time to travel all over New Zealand—exploring glaciers and passes, traversing the hot lakes, and having many adventures which would be well worth recording. But this is a digression. We next find him concertizing with marked success in Christchurch, Wellington, and other large towns, his tours proving a great success both musically and financially, and the reception of his instrument being everywhere an encouraging one.

Herr Balling returned to Germany, where he acted as Capellmeister at Bayreuth at the last festival. Having found out that his instrument was almost unknown in England, he resolved to come here to try and exploit it. He tells me he is sanguine of success, as, although the majority of the profession know little of the instrument, those who do—and they include some of our best musicians—have been encouraging in their manner, and loud in their praises of it.

It may be of interest to state that the instrument Herr Balling uses was a gift from the King of Bavaria to him.

Should the Viola-Alta be well received in England, Herr Balling has resolved to settle here and make his home amongst us. Let us look at the instrument with unbiassed minds, and if we see that by its general introduction we are to gain quality and brilliancy of tone, then let us take up the study of the regenerated Viola-Alta without further delay.

## Accidentals.

THE present strength of Dr. Lemare's new orchestra at Nottingham is as follows: 16 first violins, 17 second violins, 10 violas, 9 cellos, 9 double basses, and a full complement of wind instruments. The financial responsibility has been undertaken by a gentleman who has for many years been a liberal enthusiast in the cause of good music in Nottingham.

The Corporation of Brecon have decided to confer the freedom of their burgh on Madame Patti. The document will be presented to her at an Eisteddfod next May.

With Paderewski, says an American contemporary, it is not a question of piano any more. He has become the fashion; and people would go to public halls to see him, even if he did not play a piano at all. Musical people, of course, want to hear him play, but there are thousands who would pay to look at him.

Salomé's post as assistant to Guilmant at La Trinité, Paris, has been filled by the appointment of M. Terrasse. The post was declined by an organist at Honfleur, a favourite pupil of Guilmant, from a very unusual feeling of modesty.

It is always being proved afresh, says a Continental critic, that those who, by preference, occupy themselves with the most modern masters for the piano lose the perception for the simply noble performance of Beethoven's music.

M. Massenet is busy on another new opera, a version of Daudet's very unpleasant novel, "Sappho." It is doubtful if the composer's fondness for such vicious heroines as Herodiade, Manon, Thais, and Sappho will do his reputation much service.

According to the Leipzig *Signale*, Brahms spent the summer at Ischl "busy with composition," and has since gone to stay at Carlsbad. It is now nearly five years since Brahms produced his last great work, the Clarinet Quintet in B minor, and it is really time that he were giving us something important.

The project for entirely rebuilding the Royal Academy of Music is gradually taking shape. Not before time!

Mr. Joseph Bennett says we have no right to expect original themes in the present stage of musical development. "Every possible sequence of notes has been used up, and this is perhaps why so many composers of the present day leave melody alone."

Madame Marchesi, the famous singing teacher, does not believe in the beneficial effects of cycling on ladies' voices, and strictly forbids the practice to all her female pupils.

Miss Constance Bache has just completed the selection and translation of the "Early Letters of Hans von Bülow." The book will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Miss M. Campbell Mackenzie, a daughter of Sir A. C. Mackenzie, recently made her *debut* as "Rosalind" at Cambridge, when she proved herself a charming and accomplished actress.

The organ in Leeds Town Hall is about to be overhauled and repaired by Messrs. Abbot & Smith at a probable cost of £1,460. A battle is raging about lowering the pitch.

An Opera House supported by a lottery is surely a novelty. An attempt of this kind is being made by the management of the Dutch Opera House at Amsterdam, which has not lately been very well supported.

The subscriptions for the monument to Bach in St. John's Church at Leipzig amount up to the present time to about £800, a very small sum for such an object. On the other hand, £1,500 have been subscribed for a monument to be erected at Zwickau in honour of Schumann.

Needlework and pianism is the latest combination, for thus runs a recent advertisement: "Required for St. John's Wood, a Nursery Governess for my two girls. Must be a good plain needlewoman and very fine pianist and accompanist. £18." What more can a "gold medalist" want, if, in addition to playing Liszt and Chopin, she has acquired that readiness with her needle without which woman is, according to Lady Mary Montagu, as contemptible as a soldier who cannot use his sword?

The orchestra of the Criterion Theatre comprises four English-

men, two Italians, two Dutchmen, one German, and one Servian. Here, surely, is "the concert of Europe."

It is said that Wells, "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," now in Her Majesty's convict prison at Portland, has been promoted to the post of organist and assistant teacher of music in the gaol school. We shall be hearing next that Jabez Balfour has been elevated to the rank of organ-blower.

In connection with our article on the old concert gardens, a correspondent writes to say that sixty-eight years ago he found the Vauxhall musicians dressed in pantaloons, silk stockings, and cocked hats.

Frederick Lemaitre, the French actor-manager, forbade his orchestra to read newspapers while they were not playing. The bass trombone refused to submit, and hid himself behind his journal as usual. An interview was the result. "Is it you," said Frederick, "who has had the audacity to read in the orchestra during my death scene?" "I?" said the trombonist; "what a foul slander! You have been misinformed. I was asleep!"

A writer in *The Christian Commonwealth* runs tilt against the professional quartet in "a prominent Nonconformist Church in the city of London." They infected the whole of the singing with an air of artificiality; and what was worse, during the communion they were heard actively rehearsing for the evening service. "May the Lord put a speedy end to such profanity" is how the writer concludes his tirade. There seems no need for such exalted aid; the deacons can do all that is necessary.

On a certain Monday morning the readers of a New York journal were puzzled by the headline—"875 Tongues Short." Going on to read, they found that a congregation of just 125 worshippers had been wailing out in a certain church the hymn, "O, for a thousand tongues to sing."

The outward persuasive force of religion, says Mr. Marion Crawford, lies largely in its music, and the religions that have no songs make few proselytes.

Dr. Turpin says Sir George Macfarren once told him that nothing gave him so much difficulty as composing organ music. There was a sort of coldness about it which made it extremely difficult to write, and it was more often a process of intellectuality

than of expression. Now we know why nobody ever plays Macfarren's organ music.

Mr. R. A. Streatfield is the author of "The Opera," a work on the development of opera, with full descriptions of every modern work. Mr. Fuller Maitland writes an introduction to the volume.

The Portsmouth Orchestral Society presents an excellent programme for the coming season. This Society was started in 1882, and has been under the conductorship of Mr. W. E. Churcher since 1891. The membership is over forty.

Herr Mottl's Wagner Concerts at Queen's Hall are fixed for March 16 and 30, April 13, May 11 and 18.

Slivinski, the eminent Polish pianist, has been resting in his native country along with the De Reszkes. His Continental recitals have now commenced, and he will be at St. James's Hall on January 20 next. He has been engaged by Mr. Henschel for his concert on March 7.

Mr. J. P. Johnson, one of the greatest masters of the much-neglected concertina, has booked many engagements for the coming season.

Mr. Durward Lely is having a villa erected at Blairgowrie, in Perthshire, the home of his youth. Some of the London papers refer to it as "Mr. Durward Lely's fine estate of Glenardle!"

The London Symphony Concerts are henceforward to be known as Mr. Henschel's Concerts. The wisdom of the change may however, be questioned, after ten seasons of uphill striving to obtain the support of musical amateurs, and familiarize the public with the merits of a new orchestral undertaking.

Wagner's violin teacher, Robert Sipp, who is now ninety years of age, was present at this summer's performances at Bayreuth.

Raoul Koczalski, whether boy or girl, is now court pianist to the Shah of Persia.

Queen Margherita of Italy, according to a contemporary, plays the violoncello with great skill and taste.

Last year in Germany Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* was performed 467 times, and the *Cavalleria Rusticana* 505 times.

Mr. S. Fraser Harris, of Dundee, a contributor well known to our readers, has been entertained to dinner by his local friends on the occasion of his leaving for London.

## The Academies.

### LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE distribution of diplomas, certificates and prizes to students who passed successfully through the recent local examinations took place in the large Hall of the College, on Saturday afternoon, October 10. The presentation was made by Lady Kennett-Barrington, an apology for the absence of Sir Vincent Kennett-Barrington (who was announced to have made the presentation) being read by the Principal of the College, Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. Miss Theirza M. Kine and Miss Constance Jones each received a silver medal for pianoforte playing. Two diplomas, bearing with them the title of Licentiate of the London College of Music (L.L.C.M.), were granted, and twelve ladies and gentlemen were made Associates. Certificates were also awarded to students who had satisfied the examiners in the various branches in which they were examined.

On Tuesday evening, October 13, a mandoline recital was given in the Lecture Hall of the College, by Mdme. Fiammetta Walda Hoff, assisted by Mr. Henry Phillips (vocalist), and Mr. C. de Vere Barrow (solo pianoforte), all three of whom are professors at the College.

Another of these concerts took place on the following Thursday evening, October 15, under the title of "Mr. Desider Nemes' First Chamber Concert." The violin was taken by the concert-giver, the pianoforte by Mr. Carl Weber, and the violoncello by Mr.

Luciano J. Piaggi. Miss Violet Simpson sang "Call me Back," by Denza, "Damon," by Stange, and "Still wie die Nacht," by Bohm. The violin solo was Viotti's Concerto in A minor; the piano-solo, "Three Etudes" of Chopin in A flat, F minor, and G flat respectively; and the Trio (piano, violin and 'cello), Arensky's Trio in D minor, and Mozart's Trio in E major.

The programme announces that Miss Joan Hoefken, the eminent contralto of Cologne, will appear at the next of these series of Chamber Concerts on Thursday, November 5.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On September 23, the competition for the Henry Smart Scholarship took place, and was awarded to George D. Cunningham. The examiners were Messrs. W. Stephenson Hoyte, Henry R. Rose, and Dr. Charles Steggall (chairman).

On the following Monday, the competition for the John Thomas Welsh took place, and was awarded to Kate Williams. The examiners, who highly commended Edith Marian Owen, were, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Francis Korbay, and Mr. John Thomas (chairman).

### ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

At the time of writing this, two orchestral concerts are announced in connection with the above College, one on Tuesday, November 3, in the large Hall of the College, and the other on Wednesday, November 4, at Cambridge.





# Love's Parting

HARRY A. THOMSON

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

Love of my heart the Hal - cyon days A - las too swift - ly go their ways; The  
Tell me once more be - fore I - go, Love's stream will nev - er cease to flow;

*p*

hours on wings full rap - id fly, With all the joy the gath - er nigh.  
That pass-ing years will find al - way, Thy heart is mine as 'tis to-day.

*rall.*

*cresc.*

*rall.*

*a tempo*

Soon must we part, but still with thee My ev - 'ry thought thro' life shall be.  
Bit - ter to part, but still with thee My ev - 'ry thought thro' life shall be.

*p a tempo*

*poco agitato*

One more em-brace, the last, the last E're love's sweet sky be

o - ver - cast — And som - bre clouds of sor - row rise To

*rall.*

dim — our earth - ly par - a - dise.

*rall.*





*a tempo*

Yes we must part, but still with thee My ev - 'ry thought thro'

*a tempo*

*p*

life — shall be.

*p*

All that I love, I

*p*

leave thee now, To cru - el fate I fain must bow;

*sempre leggiero*

Engraved in Germany.

*passionate*

My heart would sink 'neath dire des-pair, Wert thou, — my love, — not

*cresc.*

im - aged there, We part, we part, But still — with thee My

*colla voce*

ev - 'ry thought in life shall be.





# The Year is Waning, Waning

ABSENCE

*Poco allegretto.*

VOICE.

*ptenderly*

PIANO.

I feel that last sweet

touch of hands, I hear the words you said — When leav - ing me for o - therlands E're

*poco più moto*

flowers of Spring were dead — You told me that be - fore the year Re - sign'd his fleet - ing

*pa tempo*

reign — You would, my love still true, be here To clasp my hands a - gain — The

year is wan-ing, wan - ing, The snows of win - ter fall — Yet you have nev - er

come to me, My life, my all in all. — Oh, I am wea - ry, wea - ry, As

lone - ly days go past — But hope is with me still for I — shall trust you to the

last. — The

*poco meno mosso*

Engraved in Germany.



bells that hail the glad New-Year To - mor - row night will ring — Oh,

will you then a - gain be here, As pro - mised in the Spring — A

few more hours — and I shall know If joy — mine own — shall

be — Or if — the love I cher - ishd so Is ev - erlost to me. — The

Engraved in Germany.

*a tempo*

year is wan-ing, wan - ing, The snows of win - ter fall — Yet you have nev - er

*a tempo*

come to me, My life, my all in all. — Oh, I am wea - ry, wea - ry, As

trust you to the

lone - ly days go past — But hope is with me still for I shall trust you to the

last. —

*p* *rall. e dim.*



Dedicated to my Wife.

17

# GAVOTTE in Bb.

R. MACHILL GARTH.

Maestoso.

PIANO.





This page of musical notation consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The notation includes various musical elements such as chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. The tempo markings are as follows:

- System 1: No specific tempo marking, but includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*.
- System 2: *rall.* (rallentando), *a tempo*, *rall.*, *a tempo*.
- System 3: No specific tempo marking.
- System 4: No specific tempo marking.
- System 5: *rall.*, *a tempo*.
- System 6: *rall.*, *a tempo*, *rall.*, *a tempo*.
- System 7: *rall.*, *maestoso*, *rall.*.

Dedicated to my little daughter.

## MINUET.

Maude.

R. MACHILL GARTH.

PIANO.

1.

2.

1.

2.

*rall.*

*f a tempo*

*Fine.*



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass staff. Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass staff. Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Tempo markings *rall.* and *a tempo* are present. Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains chords and single notes. Bass staff contains a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. Tempo marking *rall.* is present. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo). Rehearsal marks are indicated by asterisks (\*).

Dedicated to Miss CARRIE Mc LEAN.

## DANSE DU BALLÊT.

R. MACHILL GARTH.

PIANO.

Introduction.

*ff*

*ad lib.* *rall.*

Moderato.

*mp*

*accel.*

*a tempo*

*mf*

*ad lib.*

*a tempo*

*crsc.*

*a tempo*

*mf*

*p* *ad lib.*

*rall.* *a tempo*





This page of musical notation consists of six systems of staves, each containing a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

The first system begins with a *rall.* marking, followed by a *pp a tempo* marking. The second system features a *a tempo* marking. The third system includes a *rall.* marking. The fourth system has a *dim.* marking. The fifth system starts with a *mp* marking. The sixth system includes a *cresc.* marking and ends with a *dim. rall.* marking.

Throughout the piece, there are numerous triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The bass staff often contains chords marked with an asterisk (\*) and a 'Tia' symbol. The notation is dense and complex, typical of a late 19th or early 20th-century piano composition.



*a tempo*

*a tempo*

*pp*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

*p*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

*agitato*

*acc.*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

*L.H.*

*rall.*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

*a tempo*

*acc.*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

*Maestoso.*

*rall.*

♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \* ♩a \*

## ADAGIO and ALLEGRO.

Written for a Musical Box.

## SECONDO.

MOZART.

Adagio.

The musical score is written for a Musical Box and consists of two main sections: Adagio and Allegro. The Adagio section is in 3/4 time and features a slow, melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic, accompanimental line in the left hand. The tempo then changes to Allegro, which is in 2/4 time and features a faster, more rhythmic melody in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated accompaniment in the left hand. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

*p* *cresc.* *f* 4 *p*

A *sf* 1

B *sf* 1

*p* *pp*

Allegro. *f* *p* *f*



## ADAGIO and ALLEGRO.

Written for a Musical Box.

PRIMO.

MOZART.

Adagio.

The Adagio section is written for a musical box in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The score is presented in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading to a fortissimo (*f*) section. The music is characterized by flowing, melodic lines in the right hand and harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The section concludes with a section marked 'A' and a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic.

Allegro.

The Allegro section is written for a musical box in 3/4 time, continuing the key signature of three flats. It begins with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic and features a more rhythmic and energetic melody. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. The section includes various dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, and *sf*, and concludes with a trill (*tr*) in the right hand.

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in several systems, each consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *D* (diminuendo). The notation is written in a fluid, cursive style, characteristic of 19th-century manuscript notation. The page is numbered '6' in the top left corner. The overall impression is one of a highly technical and expressive musical composition.



## 20

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation, likely a score for a piano piece. The notation is written on ten staves, arranged in five pairs. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation is highly detailed, featuring complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various articulations such as trills (tr) and slurs. Dynamic markings are present throughout, including piano (p), forte (f), sforzando (sf), and crescendo (cresc.). The handwriting is elegant and characteristic of the 19th-century musical manuscript tradition. The page is numbered '6' in the top left corner.

This image shows a page of a musical score, likely for a piano. The score is written in a single system with multiple staves. The notation is complex, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. There are several dynamic markings: 'p' (piano) at the beginning, 'cresc.' (crescendo) in the middle, 'Adagio.' (slowing down) in the lower section, and 'smorzando' (fading out) at the end. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two main sections by a double bar line. The first section is marked 'E' and the second 'F'. The notation includes various ornaments and trills. The overall style is that of a classical or romantic era piano piece.



musical score for Primo, page 31. The score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in the upper staves, and the violin part is in the lower staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked *Adagio*. The score includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), *f* (forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *smorzando* (diminuendo). The violin part features trills and slurs. The piano part includes a section marked *cresc.* and a section marked *smorzando*. The score is divided into two systems, with the first system ending at measure 12 and the second system starting at measure 13. The first system includes a section marked *1.* and a section marked *2.*. The second system includes a section marked *1.* and a section marked *2.*. The score is written in 4/4 time.

## "OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST."

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

PIANO.



## LA MARSEILLAISE.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

Fieramente assai.

PIANO.

